Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. XIII—No. 37. YPSILANTI, MICH., SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1876. WHOLE No. 661.

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READY MADE CLOTHING,

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Nicest beef in market.

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THE FOE OF PAIN

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626-678

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Yours with much respect,

MRS. MINERVA BACON.

Store at the Depot, south side of Cross Street. 655

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659-671

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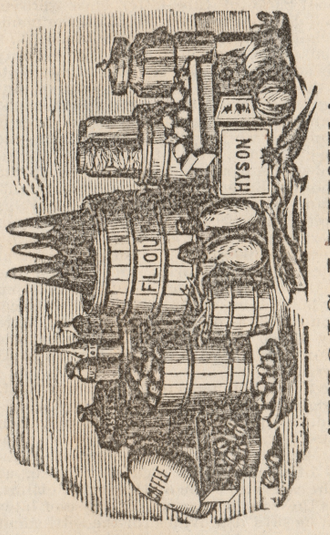

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Cleveland Non-Explosive Lamps,

The only Genuine Safety Lamp sold, and a great variety of them at

Geo. A. Neat's,

Opposite the Follett House, Depot.

Goods Delivered at all hours of the day.

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Insures Against Loss or Damage by Fire.

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653-678

Brick Yards,

—AND—

Meat Market

—ON—

Cross Street.

HEADQUARTERS AT THE DEPOT,

Opposite Farmers' Store

Chas. McCormick.

87

A Boy Saved.

Mr. Newton, in one of his articles for the young, tells us the following story:

A New York merchant who is a Sunday-school teacher was called upon for a speech out in the West. He said:

"I'll tell you a little story of a beggar boy. I started out one fine Sunday morning to get up some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a barefooted boy, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red, and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school.

"'No, sir,' was the sharp reply.

"'You ought to go to Sunday-school,' I said, kindly.

"'What for?" he asked.

"'We teach boys to be good,' I replied.

"'But I don't want to be good,' he said.

"'Why not want to be good?' I asked, earnestly.

"'Because I'm hungry,' was the reply.

"'It is now nine o'clock,' I said, looking at my watch; 'haven't you had any breakfast yet?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Where do you live?'

"'Up the alley there, with auntie. She's sick.'

"'Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers if I go to the bakery and buy some?'

"'Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get 'em.'

"I bought a lot and set before him. He ate them in a way which showed how keenly hungry he was. I asked him if he would like some more.

"'A little more, sir,' said the boy.

"I got a fresh supply, and set them before him. I waited till he had done eating. Then I said, 'My boy, will you go with me to school now?'

"'You have been so kind to me, sir,' said he; 'I'll go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left around to aunty, and then I'll go with you.'

"He returned to the sidewalk where I was waiting, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as the place where boys had to hold out their hands to be slapped with the ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched. But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised.

"He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this, a lot of boys were sent out West, and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them. I used to hear of him awhile, that he was getting on and doing very well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing well wherever he is."

Then the gentleman said a few words about the importance of getting the poor and neglected children of our large cities into the Sunday-school, and then sat down.

In a moment a tall, good-looking gentleman, with red hair, stood up in the meeting and said:

"Ladies and gentleman, I am the red-haired beggar boy of New York, who ate the gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the West for years, and have been prospered. I am now a rich man. I own five hundred acres of as good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door; and when the meeting is over, I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of the church and the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and I owe all that I have in this world, and all that I hope for in the next, to what was taught me in the Sabbath-school."

This for the Ministers.

WE have said that religion in the truest sense is natural; but you would never suspect it from the fashion in which many men present it. Here, for instance, is a man who in private conversation, or even in public discourse on any ordinary topic, is easy and unaffected, simple and natural; and yet when he ascends the pulpit, and begins the religious services, he is instantly transformed into something other than himself. His voice has a "hark from the tombs" sort of sound that is only suggestive of somebody's funeral. Now he wails and whines, and now he stamps and soars and shouts; but through it all there is the melancholy moan of that holy pulpit tone. Is it any wonder if the hearers draw back with shuddering recoil, instead of being sweetly and insensibly drawn by "the cords of love and the bands of a man." No; it isn't a *man* that's in the pulpit, but a *preacher*. Oh that Zaccheus would come down, and speak for a little while as a man with his fellow, and give us a little downright, straight-out, common sense.

The longer we live, the less we believe in "preaching," in the ordinary acceptation of the word; and the more we believe in just standing up and *talking* to the people. The latter is by far the more difficult of the two, for the moment one drops the clerical cant, and the conventional public tone, he is bound to have something sensible and pertinent to say, or the people will be quick to find out the emptiness of his barrel. For ourselves we do confess, and we suppose that we are much like other men, when we are short of matter, when we are short of matter, when we have but little in mind or heart, then we mount our high horse, and beat the air, and vociferate, and gesticulate, and fulminate; but when our subject has been well digested, and, like Elihu, we are "full of matter," then we can afford to stand and talk in an easy, natural kind of way. And sermons so delivered are the sermons that people ponder longest in their hearts, and that are most apt to bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

In marriage let the woman s first requisite be a man whose home will be to him a rest, and the man's first object be a woman who can make his home restful. It is the man with many interests, with engrossihg occupation, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the small circle where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation.

The Free-and-Easy Church.

HOW BEN. FRANKLIN UNDERTOOK TO START IT AND HOW HE FAILED.

J. S. C. Abbott gave, some time ago, in the *Independent*, some interesting sketches of the life and character of Benjamin Franklin. Nothing in these was more interesing than the persistent but fruitless experiments of Franklin to originate a creed and maintain a life that should be satisfactory, without the aid of Christianity. The history of this effort is given briefly below.

He drew up a creed and named his organization "The Society of the free-and-easy"—"*Free* from vice, and, consequently, *Easy* in mind." In revolving these themes, this extraordinary young man resolved to attain moral perfection. He writes:

"I wish to live without committing any faults at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom or company might lead me into. As I know, or thought I knew, what was right or wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other."

But he says he soon found that he had undertaken a far more difficult task than he had imagined. While guarding against one fault he fell into another. He now drew up a list of all he deemed virtues. These were Temperance, Justice, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Moderation, Cleanliness Tranquility, Chastity, and Humility.

To the cultivation of each of these, in their order, he assigned a week. As they were thirteen in number, he he was able to go through with them four times a year. The Christian will anticipate the result. He writes:

"I was supprised at finding myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined. After a while I went through with only one course in a year. Afterward one only in several years. At length I omitted them entirely."

There were two virtues which he said he never could acquire.—those of humility and order. He laid down the following as his scheme for each day: "Rising at five o'clock, he read his prayers to "Powerful Goodness." We know not why he preferred this appelation to our Savior's endearing title of Heavenly Father. He then planned the business of the day, and reflected upon the particular virtue he was to cultivate. An hour and a half was devoted to study. After breakfast from eight to twelve, he worked. One hour was devoted to dinner and rest; and then he worked from one to six. The evening was devoted to recreation. At ten, after a season of self examination, and prayer, he went to bed.

Candidates for admission to the Church of "The Free-and-Easy" were to be subjected to a probation of thirteen weeks.

The Secret of Success in Life.

Scribner's *Monthly* says: No man now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks; often with bleeding hands. He prepared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is now doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairway with his mouth open and longing. There is no "royal road" to anything good, not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is no- wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it. The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it; to win wealth without earning it; to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance; to be famous, or useful, or ornamental, without preliminary cost seems to be the universal desire of the young. The children would begin where their father left off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him he is ready for those on a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties of the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs.

KISSING.—A kiss is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words might fail. It bindeth up the sore spirit, and often given, covers a multitude of shortcomings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted indifference, find all that is needful to existence within themselves, but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent, heart-given kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference. The lover bestows them profusely on his sweetheart, and marvels at her loveliness as she bounds to meet him. She is beautiful, for joy has made her so. The husband gives them not, and soon is wondering at the change so brief a period has wrought in his wife. Although she listens anxiously for his footfalls, her face does not brighten as of yore, nor does she spring to meet him for the caress she yearns for but knows will not be given. She becomes exacting, and if he is belated, asks reproachfully how he stays away so long from his family, which meets with an acrid reply. They preside silently at the meal, vieing in an apparent unconsciousness of each other's presence, the silence only disturbed by the crowing blue-eyed baby in the mother's arms. With the first unkind word a charm has been broken, and imperfections have been exhumed which the soul of love had covered. The wife has even become suspicious of her husband's truth, though he be as faithful as the needle to the pole.

THERE is a suspicion afloat that Mr. Peter White's statement that "everybody but the office-holders in the Upper Peninsula was going to vote for Mr. Tilden" was a wild exaggeration.—Detroit *Tribune.*

"REFORM is necessary."

SATURDAY MORNING'S

COMMERCIAL.

YPSILANTI, - - MICHIGAN.

General News Summary.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE news received on the morning of the 9th indicated the following:

Alabama—Democratic by about 25,000. Seven Democratic Congressmen certainly elected.

Arkansas—Democratic by a large majority. Three Democratic Congressmen elected, and one doubtful.

California—Republican by about 2,000 majority. Of the Congressmen three are probably Republican and one Democratic—a Republican gain of two.

Colorado—Legislature elected three Republican Electors.

Connecticut—Democratic; majority about 3,000. Three Democratic and one Republican Congressmen elected—same, politically, as in present Congress. Legislature Republican.

Delaware—Democratic majority about 2,000.

Florida—In doubt; claimed by both parties.

Georgia—Democratic by about 75,000 majority. Congressional delegation (nine) Democratic.

Illinois—Republican by about 20,000. Congressional delegation will probably consist of ten Republicans and nine Democrats—a Republican gain of four. Legislature in doubt.

Indiana—Democratic majority from 8,000 to 10,000.

Iowa—Republican majority about 50,000. The nine Congressmen are all Republicans—a gain of one.

Kansas—Republican majority on the Presidential ticket about 30,000; on Governor about 50,000. The three Congressmen are Republican—a gain of one.

Kentucky—Democratic by an increased majority.

Louisiana—Claimed by both parties.

Maine—Republican by from 15,000 to 20,000

Maryland—Democratic majority about 17,000.

Massachusetts—Republican majority for President about 40,000; for Governor, 28,000. The Congressional delegation stands nine Republicans to two Democrats—a Republican gain of three.

Michigan—Republican majority from 15,000 to 20,000. Legislature Republican. Congressional delegation will consist of seven Republicans, one Democrat and one doubtful.

Minnesota—Republican by from 15,000 to 20,000. The three Congressmen elected are Republicans.

Mississippi—Democratic majority about 20,000 or 30,000. Of the Congressmen elected, five are Democratic.

Missouri—Democratic. Of the Congressmen-elect, four are claimed by the Republicans, being gains.

Montana—Maginnis (Dem.) is elected Delegate to Congress.

Nebraska—Republican by about 2,000 or 3,000 majority.

Nevada—Republican.

New Hampshire—Republican by about 3,000 majority.

New Jersey—Democratic by 8,000 to 10,000 majority. Legislature one Republican majority on joint ballot.

New York—Democratic majority about 30,000. Of the thirty-three Congressmen elected, twenty-one were claimed by the Republicans—a gain of six.

North Carolina—Claimed by the Democrats by over 10,000 majority. Legislature Democratic. Congressional delegation will consist of seven Democrats and one Republican.

Ohio—Republican by about 15,000 or 20,000.

Oregon—Republican by about 1,000.

Pennsylvania—The result in Pennsylvania will not greatly vary from 11,000 Republican majority. The Congressional delegation will stand: Republican, sixteen; Democrats, eleven—a Republican gain of six.

Rhode Island—This State gives 6,000 Republican majority and re-elects the two Republican Congressmen.

South Carolina—As far as heard from Hampton's majority for Governor was about 11,000, with the strong Republican counties on the sea coast remote from railways and telegraphs to hear from. The Democrats claim the State by 3,000 and the Republicans by 8,000.

Tennessee—Majority for Tilden from 40,000 to 50,000. The independent candidate for Governor ran well in the interior of the State, but the indications favored the re-election of Gov. Porter by a small majority.

Texas—Democratic by about 70,000 majority. Entire Democratic Congressional delegation elected.

Utah—Cannon, Mormon, is elected Delegate over Baskin, Liberal, by about 20,000 majority.

Vermont—The Republican majority is about 27,000.

Virginia—Heavily Democratic. Estimated majority for Tilden about 30,000. The Democrats elect eight Congressmen certain, and one district is claimed by both parties.

West Virginia—Democratic by about 10,000.

Wisconsin—Claimed by the Republicans by from 3,000 to 5,000 majority. Democrats claim that the electoral vote will be given for Tilden. The Congressional delegation will stand, it is believed, five Republicans to three Democrats.

Wyoming—The latest returns give Corlett (Rep.), for Congress, about 1,000 majority.

The above returns leave the Presidential election in doubt—Tilden having probably 184 votes in the Electoral College, and needing one of the disputed States to insure his election, the Republicans claiming Hayes' chances to be as good if not better than Tilden's in the disputed States.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE digest of crop returns for October, as prepared at the Department of Agriculture, indicates a reduction in the yield of the wheat crop of nearly one-sixth, while the quality is somewhat superior. Every section of the Union indicates a reduced product except the Middle States. Figures point to a yield of about 245,000,000 bushels. Rye is reported four per cent. less than in 1875, but the quality better. Barley is six per cent. less than last year. Buckwheat is a full average. Oats show a falling off of twenty-three per cent. Every section of the Union is deficient. The corn crop is deficient, but the figures are not yet obtained. The cotton crop will be large and likely to approach the heavy yield of 1875. Sweet potatoes are a full average crop. Sorghum is a full production. Tobacco report shows about the average production.

PRESIDENT GRANT has appointed Isaac F. Shepard, of Missouri, United States Consul at Hankow, China.

IN the matter of the application of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood for admission to practice as an attorney and counselor in the United States Supreme Court, the Chief Justice has announced as the decision of the court that none but men are admitted to practice before it as attorneys and counselors.

THE EAST.

A NORTH-BOUND local passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked on the morning of the 2d, south of the Linden depot, by running into two freight cars detached from a preceding train and left standing on the track. The locomotive was turned upside down and the first passenger car ran over it and split it in two. The two freight cars were demolished. Jacob Elliston, a brakeman, received fatal injuries, and a fireman and several other persons were more or less seriously injured. On the afternoon of the same day a passenger car on the Northern Pennsylvania & Lehigh Valley Railroad was thrown from the track near Bethlehem by the breaking of an axle. After leaving the track it struck a ledge of rocks and was completely wrecked. There were eighteen or twenty passengers aboard, two of whom were killed, and all the rest were more or less injured, some quite seriously.

THE Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn has adopted a preamble and resolution reciting that the committee appointed last winter to co-operate in bringing evidence before the Advisory Council Commission relating to the Beecher scandal have reported that there is no substantial ground for believing in the guilt of Mr. Beecher, and declaring that "we do, therefore, as an Association, regard our brother as worthy of our confidence and love, and express to him our sympathy in the severe trial through which he has passed."

AT Salem, N. J., on the 3d, Weeden, Goodwin and Collier, found guilty of manslaughter by aiding in the killing of the prize-fighter Walker, were sentenced to six years imprisonment each in the Trenton penitentiary. The remaining two prisoners, Clark and Neary, were sentenced to imprisonment of two years each.

GOLD closed in New York on the 8th at 109⅛. The following were the closing quotations for produce: No. 2 Chicago Spring Wheat (New), $1.22@1.23; No. 2 Milwaukee (New), $1.24@1.25; Oats, Western and State, 28@48½c. Corn, Western Mixed, 56@58c; Pork, Mess, $17.25; Lard, 10¼c; Flour good to choice, $5.45@5.55; White Wheat Extra, $5.60@6.50. Cattle, 8@10¼c for good to extra. Sheep, 4@6c. Hogs, 5½@6c.

AT East Liberty, Pa., on the 8th, cattle brought: Best, $5.00@5.12½; medium, $4.50@4.75; common, $4.00@4.25. Hogs sold—Yorkers, $5.35@5.55; Philadelphias, $5.75@6.00. Sheep brought $4.00@4.50, according to quality.

WEST AND SOUTH.

DR. JOHN G. ROE, Republican State Senator from Jefferson County, Ind., committed suicide in the Insane Asylum, near Indianapolis, on the 2d. For a year past he had been in poor health, exhibiting at times a tendency to suicidal insanity, and, before commitment to the hospital, he made two attempts to end his life. He strangled himself with a sheet, tying one end to a nail driven in the window frame overhead.

HON. JOHN L. ROUTT was, on the 3d, inaugurated Governor of Colorado. His message was mainly devoted to State affairs. The financial showing is favorable, and educational matters are encouraging. The annual products of the mines amount to $8,000,000, and will probably reach $10,000,000 next year.

A REPORT received at Salt Lake on the 2d, from Camp Stambaugh, Wy., says a village of fifty lodges of the Shoshones was attacked on the 30th ult. by a large Sioux war party, estimated at 1,200 lodges, at Painted Rock, about ninety miles from Camp Stambaugh. As far as learned, only one Shoshone escaped.

A SPECIAL dispatch received at St. Paul, Minn., on the 4th, dated "Camp in the Field on the Yellowstone, Oct. 27, *via* Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 4," says that Gen. Miles, commanding the troops on the Yellowstone, after fighting, defeating and pursuing Sitting Bull and the confederated tribes under him, had accepted the surrender of 400 lodges of Indians belonging at the Cheyenne Agency, these tribes surrendering five of their principal chiefs as hostages as a guarantee of their faithful compliance with the terms of surrender. These bands were to go at once to the Agency, where, upon their arrival, they would submit to the requirements of the Government.

A PETITION signed by several thousand citizens of Chicago, asking the resignation of Judge McAllister, of the Cook County Circuit Court, because of his alleged unfair rulings in the Sullivan trial, was presented to that gentleman by a committee appointed for that purpose, on the 6th. The Judge answered that he had nothing to say in reply.

ON the night of the 6th a pier of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad iron bridge, which spans the Mississippi River at Louisiana, Mo., fell, carrying with it two spans of the bridge, each 160 feet in length. Both spans fell into deep water, and are buried out of sight. The loss to the Railroad Company will be nearly $200,000. The bridge will be repaired as speedily as possible, and in the meantime passengers will be conveyed across the river in a boat. No train was upon the bridge at the time of the accident, and hence no harm resulted beyond the loss to the company.

A BLOODY political riot broke out in Charleston, S. C., on the night of the 8th, which was quelled by a company of Federal troops. One negro was mortally, and eight others seriously, wounded. One white man was killed and about a dozen wounded.

IN Chicago, on the 8th, Spring wheat, No. 2, closed at $1.08@1.08¼ cash. Cash corn closed at 42⅛c for No. 2. Cash oats No. 2 sold at 31@31⅛c; December options were sold at 32⅜c. Rye No. 2, 56@56⅛c. Barley No. 2, 77@78c. Cash mess pork closed at $15.75@16.00. Lard, $9.70 @ 9.75. Good to choice beeves brought $4.10@4.75; medium grades, $3.30@4.00; butchers' stock, $2.40@2.85; stock cattle, etc., $2.60@3.00. Hogs brought $5.60@6.12½ for good to choice. Sheep sold at $3.50@4.50 for good to choice.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL announcement was made from Constantinople and Belgrade on the 2d that, during the armistice, both armies would retain the positions they occupied on the 1st.

ACCORDING to a telegram of the 3d from Larajier, the capital of Bosnia, the residence of the Austrian Consul at that place had been set on fire and plundered by the Turks.

A LONDON telegram of the 4th says Russia had demanded the withdrawal of Turkish troops from Servia. It was believed Turkey would not consent.

A BERLIN telegram of the 4th announces the serious illness of Prince Bismarck. Softening of the brain was feared.

THE French Government pardoned or commuted the sentences of fifty-two Communist prisoners on the 5th.

DR. STRAUSBERG, the fraudulent railway contractor and banker, was, on the 6th, found guilty by a Russian court and jury, and sentenced to perpetual banishment.

A PARATCHIN dispatch of the 6th says the Servian army could hardly be said to exist. It was altogether demoralized. The roads were covered with snow, and soldiers and fugitives were dying like sheep.

THE announcement of the death of Cardinal Antonelli, Prime Minister of the Pope, was made from Italy, on the 6th. His Holiness has appointed M. Van Nutelli his successor *ad interim*.

ENGLAND has proposed a conference of the Great Powers, at Constantinople, upon the basis of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

ACCORDING to Vienna dispatches of the 6th, the Porte, yielding to the demands of Russia, had agreed to relinquish the positions captured from the Servians since the night of Oct. 31, and had already evacuated Delegrad.

THE Russian Minister of Finance, on the 8th, submitted to the Emperor a report on the finances of the Empire, in which he strongly deprecated war.

REV. SAMUEL D. WADDY, D. D., who was made President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1859 died in London on the 8th.

Pension Report.

Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, has furnished to the Secretary of the Interior the annual report exhibiting the operations of the Pension Bureau for the last fiscal year:

It appears that the total number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1876, was 234,821, or 2,684 less than the total number one year previous. The roll of army invalid pensioners was increased by the addition of 2,912 names during the year, and numbered on the 30th of last June 105,478. The number of widows and minors on the roll deceased, 3,718, leaving 104,855 names. The total number of the survivors of the war of 1812 borne on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year was 15,865, showing that 1,669 had died during the twelve months.

The total amount paid out for pensions during the year was $28,351,599, leaving a balance of about $1,650,000 not drawn from the appropriation. There were filed during the year 42,877 pensions claims of various character, original and for increase of pensions, of which 17,541 were adjudicated by allowance, and 10,132 by rejection. Total 27,583, or only sixty-four per cent. of the number filed.

It also appears from the tables furnished by the Commissioner that on the 30th of June last there was in his office 88,973 unadjudicated claims, besides upward of 60,000 so-called "rejected claims" pertaining to service in the late war, all of which are subject to be called up and reopened; 2,033 of this latter class were reopened during the year; 19,263 of the pending claims were filed prior to Jan. 1, 1870. Commissioner Bentley remarks that not only is this accumulation of claims adding greatly to the labor of the office year by year, but the great delay in their settlement is causing much complaint, and in many cases is undoubtedly working hardship and injustice to the claimants. He attributes this condition of affairs partly to the smallness of the force of the Bureau, partly to the total unfitness and inconvenience of the buildings occupied, until recently, by its clerks, and, furthermore, to the great delay in obtaining answers to calls upon the Surgeon-General for the hospital histories of soldiers. He says the Surgeon-General's office has fallen so far behind on account of its small force, that on the 30th of June last there were nearly 13,000 unanswered calls from the Pension Bureau, with the number constantly increasing.

The Commissioner reports, however, that, although these causes of delay may be removed, the present system of adjudication is itself radically defective. When applied to cases involving obscure questions of fact and of medical science, as was the case with some of the earlier claims, and is the case with most of those of later years, he says it provides for the settlement of claims upon ex-parte testimony exclusively, given by witnesses who are entirely unknown to the office, and whose affidavits are almost universally prepared by claim agents who can receive no compensation for their services unless the claim is allowed. Moreover, the examining surgeon who certifies to the existence, character and degree of the disability is almost universally the neighborhood practitioner, whose professional interest is to please the claimant at the expense of the Government; so, not only is the door thrown wide open for the perpetration of fraud and deception, but every interest connected with the preparation of the case is adverse to the Government. The Commissioner says, in conclusion, that he is not now prepared to submit a plan to remedy the evils of the present system, but will make it the subject of a future communication.

Suicide by Dynamite.

In the annals of suicide few cases are more remarkable than one which occurred a few days ago at Nitshill, in Scotland, where a miner named Duncan deliberately blew himself up with dynamite. It seems that the unfortunate man, who was about fifty years of age, was much distressed at remarks made about him by his neighbors. On Monday afternoon he was seen coming out of his house with a parcel in his hand, described as being about the size of a two pound loaf, and to which were attached two pieces of colliers' "strum," or match. This parcel contained dynamite. Having procured a match from the house of a neighbor, to whom he remarked that "they had said a great deal of him lately, but he would put it past them now," Duncan went out into the street, and putting the parcel down on the ground, leaned well over it. He then lighted the "strum" with the match. At this moment some boys, attracted by his unusual attitude, came toward him "Keep back," shouted Duncan, "for the love of God! or you will be blown into eternity!" Thus adjured, the boys did keep back; and it was well for them that they did so, for a moment later there was a loud explosion, which startled the whole village, and Duncan was instantaneously blown to atoms. On the spot where the dynamite had been laid there was left a hole about three feet deep by two and a half wide.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE largest set of scales in the world has been built at Ashley, Pa. The platform is 150 feet long, of the width of a railroad track, and can weigh 100 tons.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

IN the course of a quarrel over a piece of driftwood, at Detroit, on the afternoon of the 1st, Henry Pashea, a boy nine years old, threw a stone at Peter Lozea, aged eleven, which struck the unfortunate boy on the head behind the ear, killing him instantly.

IN Probate Court at Detroit, on the 2d, the resignation of O. W. Potter, one of the executors of the estate of E. B. Ward, was withdrawn, and the resignations of Messrs. Owen, Wyman and Mumford accepted. This makes Mr. Potter sole executor of the estate, and he will probably take charge of the business. Mr. Potter is at present a resident of Chicago, but it is understood that he will make Detroit his residence hereafter.

THE lumber shipments from Saginaw River for the season to Nov. 1, were 409,446,544 feet, of which 275,000,000 were shipped from Bay City and 134,000,000 from the Saginaws. Other commodities from the river for the season are: Lath, 28,000 000; salt, 810,000 barrels; shingles, 101,000,000; staves, 2,000,000; hoops, 17,000,000; square timber, 1,278,000 cubic feet.

A YOUNG man named Wilson, employed at the car factory at Millett's Station, four miles from Lansing, engaged in a political discussion on the afternoon of the 2d. His opponent became angry and struck him with a club, inflicting injuries from which, at last accounts, he was expected to die.

WM. BRONSON, a young man about twenty-five years old, was recently undressed in a very sudden and novel manner in a cider-mill at Parma. By some means he was drawn in between the shafting and the side of the building, the space being too small to prevent him from going around. In less time than it requires to record it every particle of clothing—except the boot and stocking on the foot—was torn from his body, and the long heavy beard on one side of his face was pulled out by the roots. The machinery was stopped as soon as possible by the men in the mill, and the unfortunate young man conveyed to his house, and a physician called to attend him.

A FEW days ago a man named Fred Nodio, living at Detroit, was shot on board of a yacht, on Lake St. Clair, and so severely wounded that he died shortly after. The deed was committed while the yacht was about four miles above Grosse Point by a man named Joseph Armstrong. The latter claimed that the gun was discharged by accident. He was subsequently arrested and locked up to await the verdict of the Coroner's jury and the action of the Grand Jury.

ON the afternoon of the 2d, at East Saginaw, while walking on Genesee avenue, past the Bliss Block, Mrs. Mary C. Norris, wife of T. J. Norris, a merchant, and daughter of John O'Brien, an old resident, was struck on the head by some brick detached from the top of the building by the giving away of a rope which held a large Hayes banner stretched across the avenue, and instantly killed. Deceased was nineteen years old and married in July last.

APPLES are so abundant in various parts of the State, and the price so low, that many farmers are feeding them to their stock.

JOHN RISMIER and Michael Dubback got into a political fight at Bay City, the other night, during which the latter fired at the former, inflicting presumably fatal wounds. The parties were Poles.

THE body of Harry Angell, aged twelve, was found dead in AuSable River, near Bay City, a few days ago. The boy had gone out alone to set a muskrat trap on the day previous, and must have fallen in and drowned.

D. N. FOSTER, publisher of the Grand Rapids *Saturday Evening Post*, was arrested the other night on a charge of criminally libeling Wm. B. Smith, of that city, who claims damages in the sum of $5,000. He gave bail in the sum of $2,000.

MR. FRANK SEELEY, of Sand Lake, lately made an assignment to the firm of Carpenter, Judd & Co. His liabilities are stated to be $105,000 and assets small. Great indignation is expressed by the losers, as some of them were day laborers, and will undoubtedly suffer severely during the coming winter because of the failure.

HENRY KILEY, of the firm of Garland, Ingraham & Co., of Bay City, was found drowned at Toledo, on the 30th ult. It is believed that he was murdered for his money.

THE balance of cash in the State Treasury Oct. 28 was $845,503.01; receipts during the week ending Nov. 4 were $19,755.30; payments during the same time were $61,497.61; balance in Treasury Nov. 4, 1876, $803,760.70; decrease for the week $41,742.31.

THE Michigan State Building Commissioners have just issued their sixth annual report detailing the progress made with the construction of the new Capitol up to the 30th of September. It was expected to have the building enclosed and the roof completed before that time, but delay in the iron work prevented. The board has been somewhat embarrassed by one or two imperfections in the acts of appropriations, and the Legislature will be asked to correct them next winter. The estimated deficiency in the total appropriation is $16,286.74, besides $4,630 for electrician work.

IT is estimated that the Saginaw Valley will this year produce 1,500,000 barrels of salt. Saginaw now outstrips Syracuse in the manufacture of salt, and supplies about one-fifth of the amount consumed in the United States.

ONE man in Bay City has contracted to put 10,000,000 feet of logs into the Pigeon and Sebewaing Rivers.

DURING October 870 vessels passed the Genesee street bridge at East Saginaw.

THE latest reports from Detroit give the following as the current prices for leading staples: Barley, No. 2, per cental, $1.20@1.50; Butter, per lb, 18@22c; Cheese, per lb, 13@13½c; Corn, per bu, 51@53c; Flour, White Winter, $5.75@6.50; Amber, $5.25@5.75; Rye, $4.30@4.50; Cattle, per cental, $3.00@4.30; Hogs, $5.25@5.75; Sheep, $3.00@4.00; Oats—Mixed per bu, 36@36½c; White, 40@41c; Pork, per brl, $17.00@17.25; Rye, per bu, 60@64c; Wheat—No. 2, White, $1.13@1.14; Amber, $1.16@1.16½.

A Strange Marriage Compact.

There are so many theories of marriage and divorce nowadays that the future writer upon the "Civilization of the World" will find many curious problems to deal with in describing the marriage relations in this country. With their minds filled with all sorts of notions and doctrines by lectures upon this topic; witnessing the unhappy experiences of their mothers and sisters; and reading every day accounts of divorce suits which might appal any person from the contemplation of marriage, it is not strange that both men and women seek some new panacea for the troubles of the marriage relation, and especially a preventive for such troubles. Recently a legal gentleman in this city was solicited to draw a document which would stand fire, by which a man and woman might enter into a covenant to live together as man and wife so long as both of them chose to do so, and no longer. The object of the paper was to define the rights of property which might accrue to each, and to settle the custody of the children, if any there should be. The plan was a simple one. The children were to be assigned, the boys to the father, the girls to the mother. If a separation occurred, all property belonging to either at the time of marriage was to be returned intact, if possible. All other property acquired subsequent to marriage was to be equally divided. The paper was drawn; but it is doubtful, the lawyers say, whether it can be enforced. However, the lawyer informs me that the marriage celebration took place Monday evening, at which this paper was read in presence of a company of fifty persons, and signed by the contracting parties and witnesses; the woman has taken the man's name, as if married regularly.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

The Recent Railroad Horror in Pennsylvania.

The accident on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, on Wednesday night last, was a most extraordinary one in many particulars. Our correspondent, who had the misfortune to be on the train, gives the following details of the accident:

The train left Philadelphia with a full load of passengers, nearly all of them being Centennial visitors returning to their homes. The train was composed of four Pullman sleepers, four day coaches, smoking-car and two baggage-cars, all drawn by two engines. The coaches were all filled, and the sleeping-cars nearly so, perhaps twenty persons being in the car wrecked. The train started a little late from Erie avenue, and at once reached a high rate of speed, which was remarked upon by the passengers, and not much enjoyed by those in view of the rough and crooked road. All went well enough until about half-past nine. The train had bare-left Center Valley, a station forty-five miles from Philadelphia, when the correspondent, who was seated in the second section from the front of the car, which is directly over the trucks, observed a sudden and peculiar motion and noise in the gearing below the car, which created a decided uneasiness in his mind. It increased gradually, and he mentioned it to the porter, who had now commenced making up the berths for the night; but he either did not hear or affected not to understand, and moved away toward the rear; the attention of a fellow-passenger was called to the increasing noise and motion, and the *Free Press* correspondent was about to pull the signal-rope to stop the train, there being no train official in sight, when the car gave a dozen fearful jumps, and, lurching to the right, a terrific crash followed, the car having left the track and struck full force against a wall of jagged and broken rock ten feet in height, there being a deep cut at this point. The car now careened to the other side, and ran, or rather was dragged, perhaps a dozen rods, when it capsized and lay upon its side.

The fearful crash was succeeded by a stillness as complete as death itself, only to be broken by the most heartrending shrieks and cries for help from the wounded, who were piled indiscriminately among the debris of the wrecked sleeper. The correspondent was thrown with great violence against the side of the car, sustaining some cuts and bruises; with three other gentlemen who were in the smoking compartment, all hurt more or less, they prepared at once to extricate the less fortunate victims who were beseeching aid to save them. Extinguishing the kerosene lamps with which the cars are illuminated, we broke the lights of glass (now overhead, the car being on its side), and climbed to the outside, drawing them out one by one, ladies first, until no more inmates could be found. The seats and blankets were used for temporary couches, and spread upon the embankment above, where the wounded were placed.

The moans and cries were heart-breaking. "Help! for God's sake, help!" "Save my baby! do not mind me; save my baby!" "The car is on fire! help here, or we shall burn up!" "Take this little girl; her mother is dead!" "Drag off these timbers! help me, oh ——!" broke upon our ears from every side, but every helper was cool and collected, and the work went forward quickly and effectually. The moon shone with much brilliancy, illuminating the sad scene as distinctly as if it were high noon. The baggage was taken out, and whoever had cordials or restoratives of any kind produced them, and everything that could be was done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. The train-men and male passengers from the other sleepers joined us presently, and the more seriously injured, ladies and children were placed in berths in the rear sleeping car. A few minutes' further search revealed the bodies of the brakeman and colored porter under the trucks, dead and terribly crushed. They had either jumped when the car left the track, struck the high bank and rolled back under the wheels, or were thrown there by the shock. Whatever it was they were undoubtedly killed instantly. Their bodies were finally dug out and conveyed to the village of Center Valley.

The sleeper immediately behind the one wrecked had partially followed, and, but for the Miller platform, must have telescoped it, which would have added to the victims four more who were in the smoking compartment. This car was also turned partly over. The first day-coach in advance of the sleepers was thrown from the track and dragged a quarter of a mile over the ties, when it struck a telegraph pole and the rear end was partially crushed.

With regard to the cause of the accident but little can be known positively, but two theories are offered by those familiar with car construction, which are: First, that the axle broke near the journal, but was held in place by an attachment provided for such cases, the loose wheel, being held by the journal-box alone, caught in the "frog" at the switch, passed by the train, and threw the train into the rocks; second, that a severe jolt threw out a large coupling-pin and let down a portion of the gearing of the truck, which threw the wheel off. The former theory, however, seems best proved by the marks upon the cross-ties, where the loose wheel passed over them. That some blame attaches to the company, or its officers, was very positively expressed by many, but of course it is hasty to condemn them upon such facts as are known. Yet it seems that due care is or was not exercised, for a section-hand who was standing in the door of his little shanty near the road two miles back as the train passed, states that a stream of fire was pouring from the journal of the car alluded to, and so firmly convinced was he that it meant mischief that he got out his hand-car and followed the train.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Life in High Latitudes.

The next place we stayed at was Tromso, Norway, where we anchored off the town three days, and now the sun merely revolved round the sky, and at midnight was high above the horizon, and shining with a brilliancy even greater than that seen under tropical skies. The effect of this phenomenon has been often and variously described, more or less poetically, by many travelers; but all unite in one sentiment—that of its wondrous grandeur and solemnity. For myself, I experienced a feeling of mysterious awe and dread, as if the past had sunk into oblivion, and we were all phantoms on the confines of the land of which it is said "There is no night there." One pecularity in this region is that, although all nature is hushed and a palpable silence reigns over all, there is something in the atmosphere which renders sleep almost needless. Midnight found us quite as lively and bright as early morning—ladies sketching or reading on deck under parasols; gentlemen lounging about fishing, igniting their cigars by aid of burning glasses from the sun's rays; and one had to darken the cabin windows with thick curtains even to obtain the four or five hours' sleep we allowed ourselves during the twenty-four. From Tromso we visited the Lapps, and saw a herd of reindeer. A six mile walk up the Tromsodal brought us to some fenced-in inclosures, and farther on, three or four dome-shaped huts, about seven feet high in the center, constracted of mud, stones and timber, each having a door, also a circular-shaped opening in the roof, serving for a chimney and window. On entering the hut through a doorway about four and a half feet high, we saw a very grimy old Lapp woman sitting in the smoke of a wood fire. On the ground were what seemed through the smoke to be several small bundles, and by four cords from the roof of the hut hung a smaller bundle; examination, however, proved the latter to be a baby about a month old, and the others various members of the family, covered with reindeer skins. The baby was laced up with gay cords in a cradle having the form of a large shoe. We were not loth to make our exit, and asking for the reindeer were told to look upward, where they were pointed out—"a magnificent tribe of 400"—slowly descending from the bare-looking mountains. In time, by the aid of sagacious dogs, they were driven into one of the inclosures, and some of the animals, being adroitly lassoed, were brought near for our inspection. These Lapps and their reindeer wander into the interior of the country during the winter and return to these their summer haunts every spring. It is said that their approach is always announced beforehand by the arrival of wolves, these latter animals making a point of being continually in attendance on the herds of reindeer—I am afraid, with sinister motives.—*London Queen.*

The Tale of a Tramp.

Among the shabby, dirty and ragged unfortunates who came to the Southern station last night to obtain a night's lodging was an old man, bent with years, and showing the evidence of fatigue and and travel by his tottering footsteps and wretched apparel. He gave his name to Capt. Delanty as Paul Veniler, of New Orleans, and was shown back to the room assigned to tramps. A glance at his rags and careworn face would never suggest to the observer that Paul Veniler was at one time a leading business man and a prominent citizen of the Crescent City, but such is indeed the case, and the history of his life has in it all the elements of a dramatic story, which we may read, throw aside and say it is improbable. A few points in the life of this unfortunate individual may not be uninteresting. About thirty-five years ago there arrived in New Orleans a young and handsome man, accompanied by his wife, a Creole, in the full bloom of her youthful beauty. The couple had come from Martinique, and brought with them a large sum of money, which Veniler proposed to invest in trade. They settled in the magnificent house on the bank of Lake Ponchartrain, which became, on account of the social qualities of its master and mistress, the central point of attraction for all the aristocratic people of the neighborhood. The husband had in the meantime embarked in the shipping and commission business, and was very successful. Realizing largely on his investments, he became one of the wealthiest citizens, while he at the same time attained a reputation for unblemished business integrity, probity and honesty. Three children had been born, and every bright prospect in life seemed attainable without effort to the young couple. About this time a young gambler, well known in those days for his success with cards, and remarkable for his handsome exterior and pleasing address, met Mme. Veniler at a *bal masque*. Other meetings followed, and the foolish woman abandoned her luxurious home, her children, her husband, and fled with the gambler to Cuba. The husband followed, but never succeeded in coming up with his wife, to whom he had forgiveness to offer; nor with her companion, for whom he had vengeance. He gave up the pursuit and returned to New Orleans. But business had no longer any interest for him, now that she for whom he labored so earnestly had deserted him. The three children fell victims to the cholera, and Veniler, a broken-down man, aged before he was old, sold out his business interests and disappeared. Some weeks later he was discovered on the levee, wandering up and down, homeless, and without a a penny of the large sum he had realized by the sale of his property. He was taken to a mad-house, where he remained for twenty-three years, and finally, when former friends had forgotten him, and he was no longer an object of interest to the outside world, he was released, helpless and penniless, to live or die as chance befell him. In his wanderings he reached Baltimore last night, carrying with him, as a link connecting him with happier days, the New Orleans and Mobile papers which told the story of his wife's desertion, the subsequent death of his children, and of his immurement in the mad-house. Poor old man! he has but few steps to take in life before he will go out with the tide, the wreck of a life blasted by a woman's perfidy.—*Baltimore American.*

—Mr. Moody, the Evangelist, attended at the funeral of his brother Samuel at Northfield, Mass., last Tuesday, and, after the closing prayer, ascended the pulpit, and, saying that he had been praying all the way from Chicago that he might have strength to say a word himself on the sad occasion, proceeded to pay a touching as well as eloquent tribute to the memory of his deceased brother.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DURING September the shipments of specie from San Francisco to the East reached $3,429,100, of which $2,735,000 was in gold coin. The shipments for the corresponding month last year reached only $1,320,800.

SATURDAY MORNING'S

COMMERCIAL.

YPSILANTI, - - MICHIGAN.

TWO AND ONE.

Two mountain streamlets seeking
  Lone ways to the same sea;
Two tones that need but echoes
  To make them harmony;
Two clouds at sunset ranging
  The western fields of light—
One glowing gold, one changing
  Its purple into white;
Two pilgrims walking lonely,
  Rough ways to the same shrine;
Two right hands lifted upward
  For cups of life's red wine.

Two small streams make together
  A river swift and strong;
Two voices make new music
  If blended in one song;
And in the western heaven
  Strange wondrous tints unfold,
When cloud in white and purple
  Meets cloud in red and gold;
And a smoother road leads upward
  Than lonely saint e'er knew,
Through fragrant lands, where one strong hand
  Must gather grapes for two.

So music is wedded to music,
  And stream and stream are one,
And cloud is the bride of cloudlet
  In the palace of the sun;
And a life that is weak and wanting
  Rounds to a perfect whole,
When spirit is one with spirit
  And soul is wedded to soul.

—*Mary L. Dickinson, in N. Y. Evening Post.*

A DEAD-LETTER ROMANCE.

It was very long ago—as far back as 1835, if the old clerks in the New York Postoffice remember correctly—that she first began to come to the general delivery window—a modest, plainly-clad lady, with a sweet, sober face and a gentle manner. She was as regular as the moon, and like the moon came monthly, generally on the first Saturday of the month, and always found a letter awaiting her, folded in the same sort of an envelope; always addressed in the same cramped, angular hand to

MARIA H. RUSSELL,

NEW YORK POSTOFFICE.

It was always a "drop-letter," one of the many thousands that found their way through the little crevice in the wall daily, and no one ever knew who brought it; although, when the regularity of her visits began to attract attention, the unknown correspondent was carefully watched for about the first Friday of every month. But it was never known who brought that strange yellow envelope, nor did anyone ever get a glimpse of its contents, although its outside was examined with curiosity a great many times. And the mysterious letter passed along like the thousands of daily messages of love and hate, of mortification and pleasure, of good cheer and evil bidding—the duns and remittances and promises to pay.

Years passed. The delivery clerks were changed one after another; some of them died; others were promoted; some went to other employment; but as each left he told the story of the strange woman to his successor as a part of the instructions of the office, and the new clerks soon became familiar with her visits as the months went by.

She was often questioned; inquisitive glances were often cast into her face, and several times she was followed by curious fellows; but no one ever discovered whence she came or whither she went.

One day a new clerk who had conceived a scheme to discover her identity told her he was not sure the letter belonged to her, as he knew other ladies in the city of the same name, and asked her if there was not some one in the neighborhood whom she could call to identify her.

"I am a stranger in this part of the city, sir," was her quiet, dignified reply, "but I have been here a good many times and never before was asked to prove my identity. If it will be of any satisfaction to you I will describe the appearance of the letter I expect—but wait; I am quite sure it will correspond with this one"—and she took from a little reticule she always carried the one she had received a month before.

A whole generation had passed away. Men and women had been born and buried, but still the queer letters came, and were called for by the queer woman. The clerks in the Postoffice had heard of her from those who had preceded them, and her mysterious appearances had gained a romance with age, and strange stories that had been invented by the clerks long before were told of her as true.

Her face was smooth and round and placid when she first came, but it was getting wrinkled, and her hair was getting gray. One time, only once for twenty years, as nearly as could be remembered, she failed to come, and one, two, three letters were waiting for her in the pigeonhole. The clerk did not advertise them nor send them to the Dead-Letter Office with the rest, for he knew if Maria Russell was living she would come for them in time, and if she was dead nothing could be gained by hurrying them off to the great mail morgue where all unclaimed letters go. But after four months her familiar face appeared at the window again, and the clerk was as glad to see her as if she had been an old friend. But it was not the face he used to see. Its calm smoothness was shrunken; its fullness was wasted; there were deep-drawn lines around the mouth and eyes, and the fresh flush had turned to a wan paleness A friendly greeting was on the tongue of the clerk as he turned to meet her, but when he saw how pale she was, how wasted, and how the calm expression of her face had been erased and covered with the autograph of pain, he suppressed the cordial words that were pushing his lips open, and simply remarked:

"You have been sick?"

"Yes, I have been sick," she said, and gathering her letters in her hand she left the window, and, like a snowflake in the sea, melted away into the surging wave of humanity that was roaring in the street outside.

After this she came regularly again, but the paleness never left her face, and the wrinkles lengthened and deepened instead of growing less.

The clerks began to talk of her changed appearance, and concluded that she was suffering from some cause, they could not decide just what, although there were plenty of reasons suggested, and it was concluded at an informal meeting behind the wall of boxes in the postoffice one day, that the next time she came it was their duty to find out if she was needing anything that they with their ill-filled purses could supply. So when she came the clerk who happened to be at the window held her letter in his hand a moment to delay her, and said with a great deal of trepidation—for the mystery of her life and the distant self-possession of her manner discouraged any inquisitive attacks:

"I pray you to excuse me, madam: but I thought that if you were in any sort of need—"

"I am very well cared for, thank you," she interrupted. "You have a letter for me, I see."

And she was gone again.

The clerk went back to his fellows, and being a person of pride related the incident, with some details that were not supplied in the occurrence. He said he had tendered the lady in their name, as delicately as possible, any aid that she might need, explaining to her that they had learned from long association to feel an interest in her, and hoped if she was in want of any of the necessaries of life, or if she needed any assistance of any kind, that they would assist her to the extent of their abilities.

The clerks applauded the deftness with which their fellow had performed the duty, and inquired anxiously for her reply.

"She told me," he said, "that she was in good circumstances, and was not just now in want of any assistance, but, with our permission, she would remember our kind offer, and if ever in need would not hesitate to call upon us."

And if she had been a heroine formerly she became a goddess from that hour out—a goddess in an old-fashioned, shabby leghorn bonnet, a rusty broche shawl, and a reticule like the ones their grandmothers carried. But she was as divine to those habit-hardened Postoffice clerks as ever was St. Cecelia to the tone poets of the mediæval, or St. Agatha to the suffering women of the church. The gray hair of the goddess had grown much thinner in the last few years, her eyes were sinking back under her temples and growing dim, and the hands that clasped the letter as each month came round were getting very gaunt and shriveled.

The war came on, the mails were laden down with messages of sorrow and bereavement; the clerks were hurried off as soldiers, and the widows and sisters of those whose places they went to fill came along into the postoffice to do the public service; but the wan old woman came just the same as ever, and the yellow-wrapped letter was always waiting her there.

The war was over; the clerks who went out to fight came back limping and armless, to inquire after their mysterious friend. She was still coming, but soon after, in March, 1865, she was seen for the last time. The letter came as usual, one of the first days of April, but no one called for it. The clerk, who was a lady, then put it aside as if it was too good for its company, and kept it near the window, so that it would be ready when Maria Russell came. Another month went by, and another letter came, which was put away with its mate. Two more months and two more letters, and four of them were lying there in a pile, waiting for the queer old woman—"the mysterious woman of the delivery window" they called her now—to come for them. How often those letters were examined. How closely the address and the seal were scanned, how they were held up to the light so that maybe a word of their contents might be discovered. What a temptation they were.

The chief of the delivery office ordered them advertised.

"No," said the clerks. "She will come for them. She knows they are here. She must be sick or something. She has come for them for thirty years, and they never have been advertised yet. Let them wait another month."

So they waited another month, two more, and still the queer old woman didn't come. And they had to be advertised. On a long list in the newspapers, near the bottom, under the head of "Ladies' Letters," were these words:

Russell, Maria H., 6.

People glanced at them—almost everybody looks over the list of advertised letters to see if by some chance one belonging to them had strayed among the vagabonds, and people remarked:

"I wonder who Maria H. Russell is; she has six letters advertised."

To the clerks in the Postoffice it seemed a shame that old Mrs. or Miss (perhaps she was an old maid) Russell's letters should be advertised, and stuck off into a dirty corner with a lot of soiled envelopes, and there was quite an indignation meeting held over the matter. But still the queer old woman did not come.

"Perhaps she is dead," they said, "poor thing. Perhaps she is dead."

But if there were whispers of displeasure when the letters were advertised, there was a storm of wrath when the clerk announced that they must be sent to the Dead-Letter Office. The Postmaster was appealed to. He was a man of business, and didn't care much for romance, so he said the letters must go, and the rules of the department carried out, and that the seventh letter, which had come in since the six were advertised, must go with them.

But through all the sorrow there was gleaming the sunshine of relief. At the Dead-Letter Office it would be found out what these mysterious envelopes contained. And the lady who made up the packages for the Dead-Letter Office pinned this note to Maria Russell's seven letters:

These are very peculiar letters. They belong to a woman who has been coming to the Post ffice regularly every month for thirty years; but she has ceased to come, and we think she is dead. Whoever opens these letters will confer a great favor by informing the clerks of the New York Postoffice of their contents, as we have a great curiosity to know who Maria Russell is, or was, and something about the person who has been sending her these letters regularly for so long.

This note was submitted to a convention of clerks, and declared unanimously to be the proper thing. A reply was awaited anxiously. Before it came two more letters had followed their fellows in, and were waiting for Maria Russell; but she never came to get them, and they were sent off like the rest to have their secrets revealed in the great mail morgue at Washington.

Finally there came an envelope addressed to "The clerks of the New York Postoffice," and it was opened by the first person included in that category into whose hands it came. That person read the inclosure hurriedly through, and called a convention to which he read the following:

Although it is directly against the rules of the office, I take the responsibility of gratifying your curiosity. Nine letters addressed to Maria H. Russell have come to my hands. Each one contained a brief note, calling attention to an inclosure, without date or signature. Each inclosure was a five-dollar bill. We have a great deal of curiosity ourselves here to learn something about this strange matter. Won't some of you write us what you know? And if any further disclosures are made we will inform you.

Here was a romance indeed. Nine unsigned notes, each with a similar inclosure of money. Was it possible, they thought, that for thirty years these same sort of letters, with the same inclosures, had been coming to Maria Russell. And why didn't they stop, if she was dead, as she certainly must be. The whole Postoffice was excited and perplexed in its efforts to find a solution of this mystery. But there was no clue to Mrs. or Miss Russell; nor clue to her mysterious correspondent. I cannot repeat the many theories that were advanced, or the many speculations that were put out to explain the matter; but each was a different one, and each had as good ground for believing his the true one as any other, because none of them had any ground at all. To add to the mystery, some one brought in a daily paper which contained the following advertisement:

PERSONAL.—Any person having any knowledge of the whereabouts of Maria H. Russell, who has been a resident of this city for thirty years, will relieve a terrible anxiety by communicating with C. B. R., Postoffice.

What a sensation that personal made in the Postoffice Department. Here at last was a clue to the unknown correspondent who was wondering why he had received no acknowledgement to his letters for nine months; and to add to the excitement another letter, in the same pale-yellow style of envelope, addressed in the same familiar chirography, was tossed with hundreds of others to the distributor's table, where it came to light. Fifty letters were addressed to "C. B. R.," each of which stated that they had important information concerning Maria H. Russell; but before many of them were mailed it leaked out that the personal was put in the papers by one of the clerks, who hoped to reach in advance of his fellows a clue to the mystery. But nothing satisfactory resulted even from the personal. Several Maria Russell's turned up to answer it, and were very much disgusted to find they weren't the person wanted; but it brought no clue to the curious old lady and her curious correspondent.

Four, five, six years went by, and each month brought as regularly as the month came around a letter for Maria H. Russell. The reverence with which these letters were treated was a new feature in the Postoffice Department. It was a satisfaction even to handle them and feel of the thin, limpsy inclosure, and with what agony of interest they were advertised, and finally sent away to the Dead-Letter Office each thirty days to be deposited with the others just like them that had gone before.

One day nearly two years ago a clerk in the postoffice told a friend who was connected with a newspaper of the circumstances, and a brief statement of facts was published. The paragraph was widely quoted—republished in almost every paper in the United States. And with this publication the letters stopped coming. The last one was postmarked March 4, 1875. It is thought that the mysterious correspondent saw the paragraph, and knew in that way that Maria Russell was dead—for she must be dead, or she would have called for her letters in the years that had gone since she got the last.

But it may be asked why the unknown correspondent doesn't send to the Dead-Letter Office and claim his money—the money he sent so faithfully each month to Maria Russell, even for ten years after she was dead and gone. A large number of claims have been made for the money since the publication last year, and a variety of singular stories have been told to account for the manner in which the correspondence was conducted.

One man wrote to inform the Postoffice Department that he was the person who had been sending the money to Maria Russell these forty years agone, but as his manuscript was in every way dissimilar from that in the original letters he was at once pronounced an impostor.

A man in Sturgis, Mich., has told the strangest story and put in the strongest claim. He says that he is one of a family of five children, four brothers and one daughter. In 1835 his father and mother separated, the father taking the boys and the mother the girl, and the father agreeing to pay five dollars a month for his daughter's support as long as he lived, but to have no communication with her in any way whatever. He says, this man in Michigan, that his father used to send the money in the manner described as long as he lived with him, but having some differences about 1846 they, the father and son, separated, the latter going West, where he has resided ever since, without having heard once from the rest of his family. He said he was in no need of the money, but would like very much to know if the strange correspondents were his father and sister. He would identify the writing, he thought, if they would send him one of the letters.

Mr. Russell's letter was strongly indorsed by several prominent residents of Sturgis, who bore testimony to his good character and general worthiness.

Mr. Dallas, the Superintendent of the Dead-Letter Office, replied that while he greatly desired to oblige Mr. Russell, it was not permitted to send any of the letters out of the office; but if Mr. Russell was ever in Washington he would be glad to give him any information in his power and show him any papers in the department relating to the case. The law required that these letters and their contents be reclaimed within three years, at the end of which time the money inclosures revert to the United States Treasury, from which they cannot be recovered without a special act of Congress.

On a recent visit to the Dead-Letter Office I saw the silent, inanimate relics of this strange mystery. A pile of plain, yellow envelopes, marked with some hieroglyphics peculiar to the dead-letter men, indicating their reference to the books of the bureau. If they could talk what a strange story they might tell. What a theme for a romance are these dead letters—dead in every respect. Forlorn, too, the speechless wanderers, with neither their writer nor their intended recipient to reclaim them. I opened one of them—there was no date, no signature; and written in the center of a page of blue note paper, with pale ink, in an old-fashioned hand that appeared to have been uncertain with age, were these few unsuggestive words:

"I inclose you the money as usual. I will send more the first of next month. You need not write."—*Wm. E. Curtis, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The indecent conduct of the New York journals in sending reporters to haunt the dying bed of Commodore Vanderbilt has not been in any degree affected by the expressions of indignation which it has called forth. The reporters swarm about the house, pry into it when they have the chance, interview the members of the household, and manifest almost a feeling of regret at the pertinacious refusal of the Commodore to put himself and the world out of misery. It is really very unkind of the Commodore not to die, as per arrangement with the newspapers. His obstinacy is proof of a hardened heart, of which, indeed, there has been frequent rumor heretofore, and the first indication of which was given in his refusal to grant the usual passes over the New York Central Railroad. But, with all his faults, the man has rights, and, if he should apply the new doctrine of brawls in the case of his tormentors, the community would justify him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow."

Not many days ago, when the crowd was crushing and pressing through the Women's building, an old couple from the country were stopped in a narrow passage close by some woven goods shown for sale. The man was large, hard-featured and prosperous. She was stout and comely. About her face were lines of care, and the mark of hard work was upon both. But her eyes brightened as she took up a soft blue-and-white shawl, and looked at it with longing admiration. Over her arm was a waterproof, but this pretty fluffy thing in her hand was dainty and different from waterproofs, and the the plaid shawls of her home life. Her husband worked his way on a little further, turned, looked over his shoulder at her, and said: "Come on." "Isn't it pretty?" she answered, still lingering. "Yes, yes! come on." "But Burt—" she said in a soft, entreating tone. He shook his head. "Indeed, I would like to have it." "Well, you can't," he curtly answered, and she laid it softly down. It was not simply that she was refused something that was to her beauty and grace, although the possession would have counted for no little in a life that, it was plain, had been denied almost everything but anxiety and hard work—it was not because her husband cared so little to gratify her, that the faces of some women standing near grew warm, and their eyes flashed. It was a coarse example of what the business relation between man and wife can reduce the wife unto. When the man promises to endow his bride with all he owns, it is a pretty and pleasant thing to do, but, when they have fairly started life together, she is likely to find that she is simply his agent, spending his money as he gives it to her, sometimes, perhaps, using her own judgment, but always accounting to him. When individual tastes are to be exercised, they are more frequently the husband's than the wife's. He may buy a plow to his liking, but she must consult him about the churns. It was a wise little wife who, when talking over business matters with her husband, when he told her that she should never be deprived of anything that she desired if he could obtain it for her, asked him to give her blank checks to fill up as she needed. She knew she could be trusted to draw his money, just as well as she could be to spend it, and she would be happier in feeling free to make her own discreet margins. But if he had gone a little farther and made the deposit in her name, and had then consulted her upon the purchase of his crayons, his canvas, and his oils—for he was an artist—if he had explained to her the reason why he bought his engravings, and why it was not extravagant to spend a little surplus fund on the etchings of Raphael's Il Spasimo, he would have realized, as so many women have, that the early settlement of the question of "pin-money" is not as unnecessary, nor distrustful, as some brides, and some husbands, are apt to consider it. —*New Century for Woman.*

The Fire-Arm Fiend.

Can any philosopher explain how it is that children playing with fire-arms never fail to shoot and kill somebody? It appears as if some sleeping fiend in the gun is wakened by the touch of a child's hand, seizes and makes it the medium of a certain death to satisfy its thirst for blood. The weapon, however old and rusty, and apparently harmless, always goes off, and never fails to reach some vital spot. Family pistols that have been lying and rusting for years in neglected drawers, and would be deemed no sort of defense against a sudden inroad of robbers, and sure to miss fire in such an emergency, are equally sure shots in the hands of little playful children who happen to waken the presiding death fiend in their chambers. The last proof of the invariable rule was given in Cincinnati a few days ago. The experiment was made by a ten-year-old girl named Lizzie Creedman. Lizzie was assisting her mother in clearing up the house one morning. In a bureau drawer, the contents of which she was arranging, she found a little single-barreled pistol—a very innocent-looking plaything. It tempted examination. They always do. The little shudder occasioned by their cold touch fascinates. The fiend was awakened by the gentle fingers, and directed the muzzle against the child's breast. Of course, the pistol was discharged. The little thing ran to the next room, where her mother was, gasped—"Mamma, I'm shot," and fell dead. The doctors found the ball lodged in the heart. Let children remember that firearms in their hands never miss fire, and that somebody is sure to be killed by their touch. Do not waken the sleeping fiend. —*St. Louis Republican.*

In the Detroit Police Court.

THE RAMPARTS OF LIBERTY.

"All that I want is that facts be told and sworn to," remarked Isaac Waters as the bell tolled him out. "I am a stranger in the middle of strangers, but I suppose Michigan law is the same as any other kind of law."

"Just the same, except Chicago law," replied the court. "In the first place we look for facts. Then we swear to 'em. Then we take a prisoner's character and demeanor into consideration. If found innocent he is sent away with a new pair of Arctic overshoes on; if proven guilty, we drop a tear over his badness and put him behind the iron bars."

"Hand me the overshoes, for I'm as innocent as a babe," remarked Mr. Waters.

"Softly, softly, though, stranger," whispered his honor. "Let's have some statements, a little swearing, and decide this case only after mature deliberation. The officer will now loom up before the desk and give in his testimony."

It was bad testimony for Waters, who got drunk on Michigan avenue, was kicked out of a saloon, and staggered down Third street, upsetting children, abusing pedestrians, and throwing mud at a man who had a standing collar on.

"Now bring out your rebutting evidence," said the court, when the statement had been finished.

"Are there no ramparts of liberty in this State?" asked the prisoner.

"Heaps of 'em sir. You can't turn a corner in this town without punching a Goddess of Liberty in the ribs with your elbow. The American eagle learned to scream in Detroit, and Detroit to-day yells loudest when the name of George Washington comes in by the afternoon mail. Has liberty anything to do with your red eyes and spreeful look?"

"I want a trial according to liberty!" exclaimed Mr. Waters.

"You have had it. You were drunk, ugly and impudent, and I fine you five dollars."

"I call upon the Constitution of the United States to protect me!" shouted the prisoner.

"State rights are a neck ahead!" slowly remarked Bijah, and he fastened his grappling irons to the man's collar and hauled him out of the sunshine.

IN THE LONG AGO.

"Ah, well do I remember," sighed the Court as the next man passed out, "when you were a constable in the Third Ward, wore a velvet coat, carried a cane, and was looked upon as a high-jinx, hoop-la, tip-top sort of a man. Men respected you, the boys feared you, and you could have got trusted for a small amount at any grocery in town. Those days have fled. The sparkling diamond of the past has become an old joint of stove-pipe thrown into the alley for cows to nibble at and wonder which end the grass grows on. It makes me sad to remember what you were, and to now see what you are."

"Yes, I used to swell around a good deal," mused the prisoner.

"And now you are on the shrink. Your eyes look like pieces of turnip glued to red velvet; your hair looks like flax gone to seed; your nose glistens like a greased apple; you tremble all over, and no bootblack would care to be seen in your company."

"It's purty tuff," sighed the man, winking at his old red boots.

"Have you any ambition left?" asked the court.

"I guess so," was the hesitating reply.

"Do you think there is any chance for you to climb up again?"

"I druther kinder walk round and take comfort," replied the prisoner.

"So we go," said His Honor, as he leaned back. "When a man had as soon be the dish-cloth as the dinner-plate, it is useless to try to wring him out. I'll have to send you up for the winter."

"Well, it's kinder warm and nice up there," observed the old relic. "I spose they might give us more oysters than they do, but I'm purty well satisfied."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Paradise of Money-Lenders.

India must be the paradise of money-lenders. Some years ago a Christian capitalist advanced the sum of five pounds on the personal security of a Eurasian co-religionist employed as a writer in a Government office. The interest was originally only seventy-five per cent. per annum, but as nothing had been paid at the end of the two years the debtor gave a promissory note for the amount then due, and undertook to pay 120 per cent. for the future. Three years went by without any payments being made, and then a fresh capitalizing operation was effeated. About that time the debtor's salary was increased, and he at once set aside a moiety of his pay for the purpose of reducing his debt. In this he succeeded so perfectly that at the time of his death, a few years later, he owed no more than £100. Quite recently, no further back indeed than last August, a Hindoo money-lender successfully sued another mild Hindoo in the small cause court for four pounds, being the balance due on a sum of eight pounds, the outcome in two years of an advance of two pounds, the interest being calculated at the rate of seven and a half farthings per rupee per diem. How much this would amount to per annum is one of those questions which may fitly be relegated to Mr. Babbage's calculating machine. These two cases, however, illustrate the general poverty of India, and the infinitesimal character of its internal and, so to speak, popular trade. In some of the remote hill districts, coined money is still regarded as a curiosity to be worn about the person, business being conducted on the old principle of barter. It is not very surprising that in a country where every ryot is in debt, and where the interest on personal loans varies from seventy-five to 200 per cent., the land should be rapidly passing into the hands of money-lenders and usurers. Though not matter for surprise, it is certainly matter for regret.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older! Never again young; always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things," and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry-thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these too shall seem in the light of some far off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?—*Exchange.*

A Cure for the Hiccoughs.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of the recent death of a man in Pennsylvania from a severe attack of hiccoughs, says:

Now I have seen hiccough cured instantaneously on many occasions, and have cured myself, and I have never known the following simple remedy to fail.

Whenever attacked by hiccough, get some one to stand behind you and place the forefinger of each hand in your ears so as to stop them. Then between the finger and thumb of your left hand press the nostrils, in order to stop breathing through them. In your right hand take a glass of water, and, while the ears and nostrils are closed, drink a good draught. This will instantly cure the hiccough.

I am not aware that there is any particular virtue in the water. I have seen the cure effected by a draught of ale or porter as well as water, and believe that a drink of any liquid, warm or cold, would have the same effect, although I have always seen it used cold. I attribute the cure to the momentary stoppage of breathing; but, whatever the cause, my experience for years has always proved it a success.

—Ex-Secretary Belknap on returning to Washington a few days ago found himself and Representative Heister Clymer the only occupants of a hotel omnibus. The two were once old friends and classmates at Princeton College, but not a word was spoken by either of them during the ride.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

—In the case of a robber at Boston, the other day, an officer swore positively to knowing that the prisoner had been prowling around nights for over a year past. The man thereupon charged the officer with perjury, bringing as proof that he was only released from State's prison in June.

—A runaway horse on a Newport wharf was stopped in a novel way, recently, by a boat-builder who chanced to be passing, with a broom in one hand and a pail of water in the other. Hearing the shouting of "Whoa!" "Whoa!" the man threw down his broom, planted his feet firmly, and as the horse came up, let fly the contents of his pail, hitting the horse squarely in the face and eyes, and stopping him as suddenly as if he had been shot.

—Master Eddie Dawne, a lad of twelve years of age, started on Tuesday to join his father in Salem, Oregon, alone, and without a familiar hand to direct him on his long journey of over 2,800 miles. The little fellow made his start under the direction of Mr. Kelsey, of the Planters' House, who had been requested by the father to perform this service. Master Eddie had no fear of his ability to get through "all O. K.," and when cautioned to be careful, said: "Never fear; I'll pretend to be a man 'til I get home."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The Jacksonville (Fla.) *Union* says: "The brightness of the lamps in the lighthouses of our coasts frequently produces great destruction among the birds. As they fly along the beach in the gloom of evening, or seek the shelter of the land when the ocean breeze blows too strong for their comfort or pleasure, they are dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights in the towers, and frequently fly blindly against the glass of the building, crushing and breaking their bones, and often killing them instantly. On Wednesday evening vast numbers flew against the tower at Maryport and were killed, or so badly bruised that they crawled away to die. It is said one of the light-keepers swept off in the morning 600 dead birds from the top of the towers, and that many others were scattered on the ground at its foot."

—A few days ago, as an excursion train of eighteen heavily-loaded cars on the Vermont division of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad had begun the descent of a heavy grade between St. Johnsbury and the Connecticut River, the engineer suddenly descried three cattle upon the track just in advance of him. To drive or frighten them from the track, or to seasonably stop the train, was impossible. Instantly he decided upon his course. He sent his fireman to disconnect his engine and tender from the train, whistled "down brakes," and with full steam on plunged forward alone, and with the fearful impetus thus gained threw the cattle from the track. He then quietly allowed the train to overtake him again, connected it and continued on, his passengers knowing nothing of the fearful danger they had escaped by his bravery, his quick wit, and his fidelity to duty.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

—Mary Maguire journeyed from Ireland six years ago and settled in Bayonne with her son John. He died, and she was sent to the Snake-Hill Almshouse. Last week she returned to Bayonne, and begged for money to send her to Ireland, where she could die surrounded by her friends. She is over seventy years old. Chief of Police Whitney procured her the passage money, and on Wednesday visited the residence of a friend, where the old lady was living. She could hardly restrain her joy when told that he was to conduct her to the steamship. After she had bade farewell to her hostess, and was on the threshold of the door, she uttered a slight scream and fell to the floor. She died before medical assistance could be procured. Death, the physicians said, was from excess of joy.—*New York Paper.*

—Another of the Smith family has carved for himself a niche in the temple of fame, and in a manner so novel as to deserve record. It was in Ellis County, Texas, one evening recently, while Jessie Smith and his wife were walking home on a railway track from a neighbor's, where they had been to tea. Their converse was suddenly interrupted by the appearance, within a few feet and still approaching them, of a large black bear. Mr. Smith was unarmed, contrary to Texas usage; the night was too dark for a foot-race with a bear, and, besides, his chivalric nature revolted at the thought of deserting his wife, the mother of the little Smiths at home. The situation called for action, and Mr. Smith was equal to the occasion. The soil was sandy, and, gathering up a couple of handfuls, Mr. Smith pushed toward bruin and threw it into his face. The bear's advance was checked. Following up the momentary advantage with enthusiasm, Mr. Smith speedily filled the bear's eyes with sand and compelled it to retreat, when the victor and his proud spouse—proud in the possession of a husband worthy of the name of Smith—resumed their walk over the railroad ties toward their home, which they reached without further molestation.

An Imaginary Murderess.

The London *Daily News* reports: "As the facts are reported, a well-dressed woman spoke to a police officer in one of the streets of London, and told him that she had committed a murder. She was taken at once to a police station, and there she described herself as a nurse in a workhouse, and declared that for a long time she had been filled with feelings of hatred and revenge against one of the matrons; that she had watched for and found an opportunity, knocked the matron down, stunned her, and then killed her by cutting her throat with a razor. After this she wrapped the body in her bedclothes and hid it under her bed. This done, she intended to make her escape, but she thought there would be no safety, and she became stricken by remorse, and determined upon giving herself up. The police accordingly made inquiries, and they found one rather important point incorrect. The woman said to be murdered was alive and well. In the room of the alleged murderess there was found, indeed, a long bundle or roll under the bed; but the bundle on being opened, was found to contain no human body, only a bolster. The woman who accused herself was examined by a medical man, but he appears to have been unable to give any decided opinion at once as to whether she was sane or insane."

FROM statistics collected it seems that lightning is more dangerous in Europe than in this country. On an average seventy-seven people are killed every year by it in France, and the annual list of killed in this manner amounts to 250 persons. Eighty were wounded and nine killed in one storm at Chateauneuf-les-Montiero in 1861. Twenty-two are killed by lightning every year in England, nine in Switzerland and three in Belgium.

THE COMMERCIAL.

Free to Do Right—To Do Wrong, Never.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1876.

"REFORM is highly necessary."

THE following is a through message from New York to Chicago, taken off from the A. and P. line at Jackson, the headquarters of this line in Michigan:

[*Associated Press Dispatch.*]

NEW YORK, NOV. 10, 2 P. M.

Latest and most trustworthy advices give Florida to Hayes by 6,000 majority. Hayes elected by 21 majority. North Carolina gone Republican.

[The 6,000 majority in Florida is probably a mistake. It was doubtless intended to read 600."

THE way New York City has gone is not reform highly necessary.

WE have elected eight Congressmen out of nine, a gain of two. Well done.

WE have carried the Legislature handsomely. Senate, 11 majority. House, 42.

WHO believes that Tilden's majority in New York and Brooklyn is honestly 70.000? Is not Reform highly necessary?

REPUBLICANNS, rest in hope. There is strong probability that Hayes is next President securing 185 or 195 electoral votes.

REALIZING that Florida has gone for Hayes the Ku Klux have torn up the railroad track and wrecked a train to prevent legal returns.

TILDEN is on the ragged edge of anxiety. Since Wednesday morning having 184 votes. Waiting until sick at heart for that *one* vote to lift him out of the slough of despond.

IF elected Samuel J. Tilden will walk into the White House over the bodies of men murdered because of their politics, and trampling upon the rights of free men to a free ballot.

IS THIS the Democratic doctrine? "a fraudulent vote is just as good as a valid vote." It would seem so from the fact of the opposition of the party to registration laws and every other protection to honest voting.

HEWITT, chairman of the National Committee, affraid that Tweed would make his confession and implicate Tilden, issued a card to the faithful not to believe Tweed. If Tilden is an innocent man how could Tweed's confession hurt him.

ALL hail, Michigan! Well up to 25,000 majority for Hayes and Wheeler. Mr. Cutcheon told us last Monday evening, "Put Michigan down from 20,000 to 25,000." He knew from actual observation. Poor Don Dickinson! The game of brag did not work in Michigan.

OUR charges against Tilden in the mining regions are sustained at the polls. Marquette county is usually Democratic from 1,000, to 1,500. This year it has gone 600 for Hayes. A verdict of at least 1,500 against Tilden. His iron, as we stated and predicted, has entered their souls.

WILLITS has a majority over Robison in Hillsdale county of 2,500, and in Lenawee of 1,002; total 3,502. Robison's majority in Monroe county is 858, in Washtenaw, 800; total 1,658. Making a majority for Willits of 1,844. Robison's attempt to play with the Grangers hurt him. Two years ago Waldron beat him 557.

IF the Republican ship is destined for Salt River she will carry the noblest and best class of passengers that ever honored a ship with their presence. She will have on board the praying men and women of this nation. She will have a gallant crew and make a safe passage. Four years hence she will return for a crew of an entirely different make up.

NOTHING like the present profound suspense ever occurred in the history of the country. It is terrible. Men can't work. Business is largely suspended. In 1800 Jefferson and Burr tied the electoral vote. But nothing like the present interest was manifested. The deciding States are Florida, 4 votes; Louisiana, 8; South Carolina, 10. Without them, Tilden has 184. With them, Hayes has 185, just the required number. These States are all reported for Hayes. But an unlucky telegram comes along and knocks one or the other into the Tilden column, and then we are in a sweat. The next contradicts it. And then the naughty lightning puts Wisconsin in limbo, and the next time she is sound. And North Carolina is in doubt. If she goes for Hayes, and all the other important little, fitful States, Hayes will have 195.

THE question of reform has entered largely into the late election canvass. The fact is that the reform has not been so much needed in Government as in personal extravagance. Here is where the shoe pinches. We have under Gen. Grant an economical administration, surpassing any other since the foundation of the Government. But we have had a reign of dress and personal extravagance that would have ruined any other people. It has well nigh swamped us. In the name of fashion our houses of worship have become nothing more nor less than Opera dress circles. If we wish to pay our personal debts; if we wish to pay our National debts, we must for a few years to come practice the closest economy possible. If Hayes is elected we shall have a stable Government, a stable basis of reform. A Normal and healthy condition of things. In his personal habits and in social and public life he has avoided display, practiced economy and showed himself a pattern of frugality.

Reform is Necessary.

IF we are beaten this campaign it has not been in the argument, not in the character of candidates. For Hayes has shown a spotless reputation. Tilden, poor man, let us now cover him with the mantle of charity. Not beaten in party record, for our opponents plead to have us forget their record. If beaten, it has been by a game that will react with tremendous power,—unprecedented fraud in that seething pot of corruption, New York City, and by the shotgun policy in the South. As we stated last week the odds against us have been tremendous. 1st, A "solid South," virtually so, for South Carolina, Florida, and Louisana if Republican have been saved by the presence of United States troops. There to protect the voters, white and black, Republican or Democrat, in their just rights. 2d, A solid New York City, made doubly so by fraud. 3d, A united Catholic vote. 4th, Very nearly a united whisky vote. It don't seem possible that we have triumphed over such a tremendous opposition. But if so it shows that there is salt still in the American people, that the Protestant forces of this country stand firm and unsubdued.

—Mr. Cutcheon gave one of the most telling speeches, last Monday evening, we ever heard him make. Gov. Bagley made a favorable impression.

—Capt. Allen has reason to be proud of the vote he has received. He has made a splendid run. Every kind of opposition was made against him. The whisky influence did its level best. We predict that Mr. Allen will make a useful and able legislator, and that the Republicans of this district, county and State will have reason to praise his record. We give his majorities, and also Mr. Henderson's:

ALLEN'S MAJORITIES.

Ypsilanti City—First Ward	30
Second Ward	48
Third Ward	74
Augusta	17
York	4
Pittsfield	72
Ypsilanti Town	75
	320

HENDERSON'S MAJORITIES.

Ypsilanti City—Fourth Ward	50
Fifth Ward	130
Saline	50
Allen's majority, 90.	230

—A few weeks since, we reported the return of Col. D. Williams from the Black Hills. Mr. Williams has shown us some rare specimens which he brought from there. A pipe of peace taken from Sitting Bull's brother—Indian all through; a silver hatchet, dug up under a royal oak—clear silver; a petrified rattlesnake; a large number of minerals, lead, silver and gold. The most productive mines in the Black Hills average $1,868.00 in gold and $36.00 in silver to the ton. Some mines yield $600.00 in silver to the ton. A real novelty is a petrified buffalo bull's eye; ising-glass and mica in its natural state, far superior to the manufactured article, agate. There is a cave at Foote Hill, at the base of the Black Hills. Col. Williams thinks that this cave is equal to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. We quote from the Black Hills *Pioneer* of July 29th, published at Deadwood City:

"We learn that from three pounds of rock, taken from the southern extension of the Clara lode, was obtained $3 of fine quartz gold.

"On Tuesday millions of grasshoppers put in an appearance, literally filling the air. They took a view of the surroundings, and finding they could not make a 'square meal' on gold dust and rich lodes, immediately took their departure for fields more green. Poor 'hopper!

"One day this week Colonel Williams, of Montana City, brought to our office a perfectly formed Indian tomahawk, which Mr. P. H. Smith, of Cape Horn district, while mining on claim No. 82 on Saturday last, discovered, imbeded in the bed-rock, eight inches in depth and seven feet below the surface, and which had probably lain there for ages.

"To-day is the hottest of the season, and still the thermometer in our office marked only 85 at 12 m. The nights are cool and refreshing, and one can sleep nicely under a warm blanket.

"On claim No. 12, Cape Horn district, 14 feet below the surface, in a boulder weighing about 3,000 pounds, was found a perfectly drilled hole, proving conclusively that mining has been done in this locality at some previous day, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the party who came to the Hills some forty years since and were never heard of afterward, were the same who mined some in this locality and met their death at the hands of Indians at the cave, where bullet marks in the trees are plainly visible to this day.

"On Thursday of this week, Jack McClerr cleaned up between six and seven hundred dollars, the result of ten hours' work with five men."

Date of October 7th:

"A gentleman of our city has been at work for some time to ascertain the number of quartz lodes in the vicinity of Deadwood City, and he finds that the total number foots up one hundred and forty-one, now being actively worked. Of this large number there is not one but prospects well, running from two cents to as high as seventeen dollars to the pound of quartz. All this vast body of quartz is located within five miles of Deadwood City. In the neighborhood of Custer there have been about seventy lodes located and recorded. There is a large number in the vicinity of Bear Buttes, and within the past few days a number of very fine mines have been discovered in the neighborhood of Sand Creek.

"Every day new discoveries are being made. With the coming season, and the coming of peace, law, order and government, and with these, the coming of capital (which is only waiting for the others), we shall witness an amount of wealth taken from these hills that will leave its impress on all the industries of the nation."

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."—One little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole–Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forget." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done.

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

"Reform" is Necessary.

Wonderful Success.

It is reported that BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP has, since its introduction in the United States, reached the immense sale of 40,000 dozen per year. Over 6,000 Druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the Factory, at Woodbury, N. J., and not one has reported a single failure, but every letter speaks of its astonishing success in curing severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of Throat and Lungs. We advise any person that has any predisposition to weak Lungs, to go to their Druggist, Frank Smith, and get this medicine, or inquire about it. Regular size, 75 cents; Sample Bottle 10 cents. Two doses will relieve any case. Don't neglect your cough.

An Unanswerable Argument.

The strongest argument which can be urged against the advisability of administering such corrosive and nerve-destroying poisons as arsenic and quinine for intermittent and remittent fevers, is the vastly superior success in the prevention and cure of such diseases of a medicine which is the very antipode of the above named drugs, both in respect of its composition and the results wrought by it. Such a medicine is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable preparation, which not only eradicates with wonderful promptitude every trace of fever and ague, and kindred types of malarious disease, from the system, but is a certain preventive of all maladies begotten of miasma-tainted air and water. These results mineral anti-febrile remedies do not effect with certainty, and their continued use entails consequences highly pernicious to the system. The Bitters, on the contrary, not only afford speedy relief, but establish health on a permanent basis.

STAMMERING CURED.

Dear Dr. Moses—I am glad to say that my son, 17 years of age, who has been from his infancy a bad stammerer, now speaks and reads fluently. He seems to have been almost instantaneously relieved by your treatment. I trust that others who are afflicted with impediment of speech will avail themselves of your skill while you are in this region.

Yours, sincerely, ZACHARY EDDY,
Pastor First Congregational Church.
Detroit, October 20, 1876.

This is to certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has cured my brother, C. H. Johnston, of stammering in three lessons and I cheerfully recommend him to all thus afflicted. I am perfectly satisfied that the Doctor can cure the very hardest of cases. CYRUS JOHNSTON.
Butler Block, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 4th.

I hereby certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has cured my daughter of stammering, and I take great pleasure in recommending his system of cure to all who are afflicted with that distressing malady. GEO. HANLEY,
November 1, 1876. 67 Columbia St. East.

References—G. P. Andrews, M. D., 125 Fort St. west; Booth & Root, prop's Howard House.

Dr. N. A. Moses' office, 103 Congress street west, Detroit, Mich.

For Singing School.

Make them doubly interesting by introducing

The Encore!

By L. O. EMERSON. 75 cts; $7.50 per doz.

THE ENCORE

Contains a First-Class Elementary Course, with the best kind of exercises, airs, tunes in one, two, three or four parts, for practice.

THE ENCORE

Contains 100 pages filled with-bright, wide-awake, easy glees and four part songs. Thus it is a good Glee Book as well as Singing School Book.

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Contains 50 of Hymn-tunes and Anthems of the best character.

Mr. L. O. EMERSON,

(Half a million of whose books have been sold), has never been excelled as composer and arranger of of music exactly adapted to the public taste. His "tact" in this matter, is infallible. Then try

THE ENCORE

For sale by all prominent dealers. Specimens mailed, post-free for 75 cts.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

J. & W. L. McCULLOUGH,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Plows, Cultivators, Mill-Work Machinery, Columns, Sash Weights, Cresting, Scrapers,

Large Kettles, Dumb Bells, Duck-Nest Tuyre Irons, Iron Fences, Pump Castings, and Castings generally.

OUR

CHILLED PLOWS

Are giving good satisfaction. Come and try us before buying elsewhere.

We are selling the Excelsior Improved Grain Drill and Seed Planter. It gives good satisfaction. Come and see it.

We are also manufacturing just the thing for the farmers, in the shape of a HORSE-POWER FOR SAWING WOOD, CUTTING FEED, etc., and we also manufacture a sawing machine to be run by gear or belt.

Foundry, corner of Congress and Water, Ypsilanti. 623–674

To the SICK and AFFLICTED.

DR. A. ALPHONSO CORKINS,
Of San Francisco, Cal., will be at the
FOLLETT HOUSE, YPSILANTI,
On the First of Each and Every Month of 1876–7

Persons afflicted with any disease which is pronounced incurable, or for which they get no relief from their physicians, should not fail to consult DR. CORKINS, as he has, and does permanently cure where others have failed, especially, in cases of

RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA,

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood.

☞NOTE THIS:—I will forfeit $300.00 in any case of Inflammatory Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, or Cancer, which I cannot permanently cure,—the patient to be the judge.

Neuralgia, Colic, Fever and Ague, Pleurisy, Headache, Sore Throat, and Deafness will be cured quickly and effectually.

In short, I propose to dissipate more aches and pains than can be accomplished by any or all physicians in the space of time. This is no boast I only ask a trial to make good my assertions.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Remember, I remain only one day in each month, therefore, punctuality is important both to the doctor and to the patient. The medicines used by me in all blood impurities are the result of long and patient investigation, and are selected mainly from the remarkable botanical vegetables of California.

Dr. A. ALPHONSO CORKINS.

661

$100,000 STOCK!

—|:o:|—

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!

—:o:—

ABBOT & KETCHUM

WILL OFFER, ON

Monday Oct. 16,

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

Carpets, Oilcloths, Mattings, Druggets, Rugs, Mats, Shades, Curtains,

UPHOLSTERY,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS

FOR CASH,

At Prices to close out the Stock on account of expiration of Copartnership.

The Public will find on examination of our Stock and Prices that WE MEAN BUSINESS.

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

CARPET HALL,

No. 107 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

658–661

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

—AT—

EASTERLY & SWEET'S.

Come One, Come All.

Teas cheap as the cheapest.—Good as the best in market.

☞Butter and Eggs taken at all times in exchange. We pay the highest market price for Country Produce.☜

Remember the place, Morse's Block, corner of Congress and Washington Streets.

W. H. EASTERLY. 653 CHAS. I. SWEET.

FALL OF 1876.

DRURY & TAYLOR!

Are now prepared for the **FALL TRADE** with a large and well selected stock of

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,

Including some of the most beautiful and best in the market.

We offer for sale the

Our Stock of Hardware, Builders' and House Furnishing Goods is large and complete.

Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper work done to order.

Agents for the GALE CHILLED PLOW.

653–665

CLOTHING!

FALL STOCK JUST OPENED

AT

Clark S. Wortley's

No. 24 Congress Street.

HATS AND CAPS,

All the novelties for

FALL WEAR,

At Wortley's New Store.

Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING!

ALL THE NEW STYLE SUITS,

At Wortley's New Store.

Local Matters.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1876.

—The COMMERCIAL will be devoted, as in the past, to reform. Since reform has been the watch-cry of the Democracy this campaign, we hope no Democrat will find fault if we wade in heavily. 1st, To reform that large class of the Democratic party, which seems to think that whiskey is an essentiality to reform, and those reform Democrats who make voters drunk in order to secure a reform vote. We hope at least to have the respectable minority in the party to aid us in this reformation. 2d, To reform that class who believe it matters not how a reform majority is secured,—get the majority *any way*. 3d, To reform individual and public extravagance, no matter with what siren voice it presents itself. 4th, To watch the Tilden administration and give it a gentle reminder whenever it shall fail in tittle or jot of its sacred promises. "In like measure as ye mete it out to others, it shall be meted out to you." The Republican party has been charged with being utterly corrupt, "corrupt everywhere." Whatever reform the Tilden administration introduces and carries out, we shall praise with all our might, for we shall be unexpectedly gratified. 5th, To reform in whatever will advance individual and public morals, individual and public welfare. Whoever wants to read a reform paper will take the COMMERCIAL. It will be reform through and through. "Reform is highly necessary."

P. S The above was written when we considered Tilden counted in sure.

—Robison got 50 majority in Sharon, his own town. Tilden, 19.

—The town of Ypsilanti rolls up a majority for Hayes and Wheeler of 76.

—The way the 4th and 5th Wards have gone we think reform is highly necessary.

—In 1874 the Democratic majority in the city was 57, now 34. Not much of a tidal wave.

—Sawyer is elected, and Beal will of course come out with all the crowing roosters he can muster.

—Pittsfield gives Hayes 97 majority. Superior, Tilden, 2. Salem, Hayes, 82, Augusta, Hayes, 35.

—Jake Martin run well in this city. 1st Ward, 92; 2d Ward, 86; 3d Ward, 69; 4th Ward, only 47 against; 5th Ward, only 102.

—It don't make a particle of difference to us personally who is elected President, only as we are affected in common with our fellow citizens.

—We should be glad to retain our campaign subscribers. We think that you will like the COMMERCIAL better and *better*. At $2.00 per annum it is the cheapest paper in the county.

—The Ladies' Library rooms will be opened every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, as a free reading room. The ladies have procured the principal home and foreign magazines and reviews, and extend a cordial invitation to all, whether members of the Association or not, to come and spend an hour or two.

—We are heartily glad that election is over. Friends, and neighbors, fellow citizens, enemies, if we are so unlucky as to have them, let us move along doing the best we can, friends if possible and enemies only when we must. Glorying in the good, condemning the bad. Rejoicing in our friends and smiling on our enemies. Fight the wrong, the right pursue. And may God bless us all.

—Harriman is elected Judge of Probate over Cheever by 32 votes. A close shave. Case over Martin, Sheriff, 44. You have done splendidly Jake. Tuite, Clerk, over Higgins, 168. Manly over Judson, Register of Deeds, 131. Treasurer, Gensley over Fairchild, 22. *Almost.* Prosecuting Attorney, Babbitt over Lawrence, 593. Burleigh for the State Senate beats Wheeler 501. Tilden gets 620 majority in the county.

—Our canvass made as accurate as it was possible gave us in the First Ward 36 Republican majority, Second Ward 45; Third Ward, 60. The actual result was, First Ward: 38; Second Ward: 44; Third Ward: 59. A very close canvass. The canvass for the Fourth and Fifth Wards was just as close and we believe as correct. It was, Fourth, Democratic, 16; Fifth, 90. The result, Fourth Ward: 47; Fifth Ward: 130. The fact is that the week before election these two wards were abundantly supplied with strangers. Our canvass did not account for them, nor for idiots, nor for parties under age. There is to-day an honest 25 to 30 Republican majority in this city. Had it not been for a certain saloon in this city, where voters, naturally and instinctively Republican, were liquored up to the fell purpose of casting a Democratic vote we should have had at least ten more Republican votes on this side of the river. Respectable Democrats denounced this saloon pow-wow kept up on election day and three or four days before for a purpose. The colored voters who were taken in and treated to whisky free, will, now the election is passed, get little favor. Every man selling his vote ought to be forever disfranchised and declared unworty an American citizen. Selling it for liquor or attempting to buy it with liquor ought to subject both parties to a term in the penitentiary.

—J. Patterson Stanley, a son of Charles Stanley, of Rawsonville, and late student in the Normal School, has become teacher of vocal music at Benton Harbor, with every prospect of success.

—"New Church" meetings for worship and the preaching of the gospel in the light of the new doctrines are held every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, in Good Templars' Hall. The public is cordially invited to attend

—After we got the returns from the Fourth and Fifth Wards, we were convicted that Tilden would be next President. But we are getting to be firmly convinced that Hayes is elected, in spite of the big count in those wards.

—We have lost everything in this county, bag and baggage. Not a county officer saved. Well, a Republican Board of Supervisors have reformed the salaries so that the county officers the coming two years will have to live as other poor people do.

—Patents issued by the Mechanics and Inventors' Association, Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents. Thos. S. Sprague, President, Detroit, Mich.

Pump Cylinders and Valves—Dan W. Kellogg, Battle Creek.

Clothes Pins—William H. Mayo, St. Joseph.

Oilers—Nelson Holmes, Ypsilanti.

Odometers—John N. Brokaw, Ovid.

Fruit Driers—Charles W. Jones, Centreville, and Edgar A. Jones, Sturgis.

Grain Drill Teeth—James H. Lewis, Detroit.

Spring Bed Bottoms—John Menzies, Detroit.

Invalid Bed Bottoms—Isaac M. Rhodes, Hancock.

Gates—Jonathan Sowerby and Henry Deck, Rockford.

Car Couplings (re-issue), —Gillman H. Ames, Adrian.

MARRIED.

GRIDLEY—PALMER. In this city, Nov.1st, 1876, by Rev. J. S. Boyden, J. S. Gridley and Minnie Palmer, all of Ypsilanti.

VAN CLEVE—VAN FOSSEN. Nov. 1st, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Archibald J. Van Cleve of Marinet, Wis., and Miss Eugenia Van Fossen, of this city.

The bride was richly attired in a white watered silk which was of more than common interest as it was the bridal dress of her mother, a tender memory fitting the occasion. The large party of friends evinced their interest by numerous very elegant presents. The bride leaves a large circle of warm friends whose best wishes will attend her to her new Western home. COM.

WILHOFT'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This invaluable and standard family medicine is now a household word and maintains its reputation unimpared. It is indorsed by the medical profession, and prescribed daily in the Charity Hospital and other hospitals in New Orleans. Wilhoft's Tonic is thus highly recommended by the leading medical men of the country, and is worthy of such indorsement.

G. R. Finlay & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

For sale by all Druggists. 660-2w

NO FAILURE KNOWS!—There is on record no case where Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry, and Horehound has failed to give satisfaction. On the other hand, wherever it has been used by our people, in severe colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough and consumption, they are enthusiastic in its praise. Containing no opium or other dangerous drug, it does not constipate, and is safe to administer in all conditions of health. This is an important announcement, and the suffering are advised to heed it. Trial size, 10 cts.; large sizes, 50 cts. and One Dollar. Sold by Frank Smith.

Also Agents for Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which is sure death to worms, pleasant ta take, and requires no physic. Price 25 cents. Try it.

Local and Business Notices.

CALL AND EXAMINE

Our Boots before purchasing, we can give you some good bargains.

660 GOODSPEED & CONKLIN.

LADIES,

Call and examine our Kangaroo Button and side lace, best ladies' shoe in the market, at

GOODSPEED & CONKLIN'S.

THE BEST

Stock of Gents' Fine Shoes in the city at the new shoe store.

GOODSPEED & CONKLIN.

A FINE STOCK OF

Men's Boys' and Youths' Boots that can't be beat for quality and prices. Call and examine.

GOODSPEED & CONKLIN.

FOR RUBBER BOOTS,

Arctics, and Overshoes go to

GOODSPEED & CONKLIN'S.

THEY ARE HERE!

Those Cloaks and Cloakings, Beavers, Waterproofs, Ladies' Scarfs, Ties, Sacks and Hoods. The above are in all styles and colors, and must be sold cheap. Please call and examine.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

STILL ALIVE, AND STILL AHEAD!

We have just received our second stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and would like all those who like to see nice Goods and those that are cheap to call and see us.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

LADIES, CALL AND SEE US

And we will show you a full line of Dress Goods in all the latest styles of the seasons. Garnet, Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Green, in fact all the leading colors of the season. Also a full stock of Black Cashmere, Dratdetas, and all wool goods in plain and diagonals. Remember the place, 30 Congress St.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

BUY YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES OF

660 GOODSPEED & CONKLIN.

NO OLD STOCK,

All new Goods, at New Prices at

GOODSPEED & CONKLIN'S.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Cathartic Pills glide sugar-shod over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores the health and expels disease.—Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.

LOST OR STOLEN!

On the 17th of October a promisory note for $200, made by W. B. Hewitt, dated June 17, 1876, due six months from date, and drawing six per cent. interest. Said note is made payable at the First National Bank of Ypsilanti. All persons are warned against purchasing said note, as payment thereon has been stopped. RICHARD MILLER.

Dated Oct. 23, '76. 659-3w

PLEASE REMEMBER

That we sell the following goods at prices to suit you all: Corsets, Collars and Cuffs, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Rushings, Belts and Bustles. In fact a full line of Notions.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

MRS. SHRIEVES

Having so many calls for Zephyr Worsteds has concluded to keep them. We have now a full line of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Pattern Books, Mottoes, Embroidery needles, Embroidery Silk Canvas of all kinds. Zephyrs for 20 cts. per ounce, (best quality,) Germantown 25 cts. per skein. Don't fail to go to Mrs. Shrieves' for them, We do stamping for braiding and embroidery, also do braiding by the yard, also fancy crochet work. Don't forget we do the best hair work ever done in Ypsilanti for 50 cts. per ounce "rooted." Also clean kid gloves, slippers, white furs, and plumes. We are now ready to furnish you with the nicest Hats and Bonnets, at the lowest prices ever offered in this town. We are bound to please our customers. Give us a call before purchasing. No trouble to show goods. Full line of Mme Demorest's patterns.

WANTED!

A good milch cow. C. R. PATTISON.

FOR SALE!

I have a first-class cow to sell. Ready or nearly so for beef. C. R. PATTISON.

WELL DIGGING AND BRICKING

At 75 cts. per foot, $1.00 in the water. Wells warranted to give satisfaction or no pay. I am an old and experienced well digger of 20 years practice. I live on the central Ann Arbor road, at the junction of Forest Ave. Leave all orders at the Post Office.

658-4w CHAS. MASHAT.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.658-6w

AGENTS WANTED!

A rare chance to make money. Address I. D. KELLOGG, Battle Creek, Mich 642-694

SHIPPING TAGS

Printed at this office, cheaply and handsomely done. All kinds of Fair printing done to order and to please.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Go buy your Groceries of J. A. WILLIAMS & Co. and save money 653

WELL,

What is the matter now. I can tell you if you want to know. J. A. WILLIAMS & Co. are selling the boss Jap. tea for 50 cts.

SCHOOL BOOKS At the News Depot.

THE NEWS OFFICE,

At Terrill's, is the place to get School Books. 650

IF YOU WANT SCHOOL BOOKS,

Go to Terrill's, at the News Office.

PEOPLE BRAG

On our Teas, and thank us for the can.

500

are to be given away in the next thirty days at

643 The American Tea Store, 27 Congress Street.

BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS At TERRELL'S.

C. LANG

Is carrying on the Hardware business north of John Boyce's shoe store. He sells Stoves, Tinware, etc. Repairing and job work in all its branches. If you wish anything in his line, call, and he will try to please you. 612

YOUR INTERESTS

Require you to try our 75 cent Japan Tea, and learn our prices on Sugars, At the American Tea Store,

643 H. A. WEEKS & CO.

FOR SALE.

Cheap Buggy for sale, but pretty fair one. Apply at this office, or call on Dr. S. W. Pattison.

MRS. HINCHELL

Does Clothes Cleaning and repairing; and she also dyes dresses in all colors, and men's wardrobe. Bring on your soiled apparel and I will make it new.

No. 5 Washington St. 564

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS

Can be bought at cost at the depository kept by E. M. COMSTOCK & CO., for the American Bible Society.

THE REASON WHY

So many are buying Goods, Cheap. Prices will tell and people will tell the price. 27 Congress St.

643 H. A. WEEKS & CO.

AT THE AMERICAN TEA STORE,

May always be found a full line of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Syrups, Molasses, Sugars, and all kinds of Fish, foreign and domestic fruits, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

H. A. WEEKS & CO.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS

Of all descriptions, repaired or made to order, of first-class material and workmanship, at the Carriage and General Repair Shop east end of Congress Street bridge, Ypsilanti.

N. B.—I will do better work, and more of it, for the same amount of money, than any other shop in town. Call, and I will prove it.

614 E. WHITE, Proprietor.

A. L. COREY,

Manufacturer of Corey's Patent Elastic Expansion Rubber Pump Bucket, for Chain Pumps. The Champion Bucket of the world. Headquarters at M. B. Grant's factory, corner Adams and Michigan Streets, Ypsilanti, Mich. 610

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by W. H. YOST.

YPSILANTI, Nov. 10, 1876.

APPLES—Dried, 4½@5
BUCK FLOUR—$2.50@$3.00.
BEANS— .75@$1.15
BUTTER—18@25
CLOVER SEED—$7.00@7.50
CORN—38c@40 per bu.
CHICKENS—Dressed 9c.@0
CHICKENS—Live, 5c.
DRESSED HOGS, $6.50@6.65
EGGS—Command 17@18c.
HAY—$8@10 per ton according to quality.
HIDES—$4.50@5.00.
HONEY—In cap, 20c@00.
HAMS—12 ½c.
LARD—The market stands at 14@15c.
ONIONS—$0.75 @ $0.90 per bbl.
OATS, NEW, 30@32
PORK—In bbl.—$20.00@22.00
POTATOES—70@80
TIMOTHY SEED—$2.25@$0.00
TURKEYS—Live, 8c.
WHEAT, EXTRA—$1.22.
" No. 1 — 1.15
" No. 2 — 1.05.
" RED — 1.10.

Mrs. CURTIS

Will give her

WINTER OPENING

OF

MILLINERY!

ON

Tuesday, Nov. 14, '76.

All customers are invited to attend this Opening which we will try to make unusually attractive with Low Prices.

American Felt..... 50
French Felt.....1,50
Waffrel Canvas, yard wide.....1.00
Waffrel Canvas, ½ yard wide..... 50
Bergman Zephyrs, per oz..... 20
Java Canvas, per yard..... 25

A Fall assortment of Infants Knit Goods, Fur Caps for Children and Misses. Our unusually large trade this Fall compelled us to purchase a second stock. We give this Opening that our customers may see the latest novelties in Millinery and Fancy Goods. Remember, Silver Card Boards 75 cts a sheet, and Mottoes 10 cts. each.

661-662

J. H. SAMPSON'S

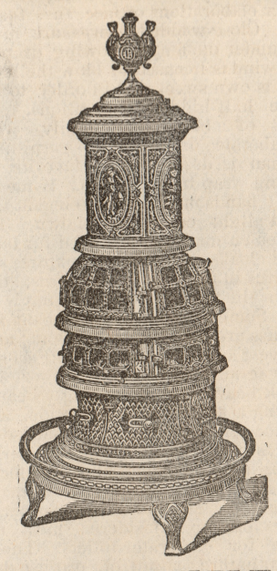
HARDWARE

STORE.

HAVE YOU SEEN

The Best Cook Stove in the World.

CALL AND EXAMINE THE



NEW "DAUNTLESS"

BASE BURNER, for 1876.

Job work done at short notice at

J. H. Sampson's

DEPOT HARDWARE STORE

Not cheap Boots & Shoes

—BUT—

Boots and Shoes CHEAP,

AT THE

PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

Hewitt & Champion

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FOR YOUR BEAUTIFUL

Summer Stock of Shoes, Gaiters, and Boots, new styles,

Go Right to the

CENTER OF ATTRACTION.

W. R. DAVIS',

South side Congress Street, is the Headquarters for Ypsilanti.

The Lee Shoe,

BEST WEARING and FITTING SHOE IN THE MARKET.

OHIO AND INDIANA

Can go where and how they please, but it still remains a fact that Frank Smith's Emporium is THE Emporium! If you go there you are sure to be well received, shown good goods, and lots of them at low prices, and induced to purchase if possible.

His News Depot will supply everything you want in that line. Subscribe, then, for your Papers and Magazines. You can often save money and never lose your papers if you get from the Emporium.

You can't get any but the best of Drugs, Medicines and Liquors there if you try.

You will find the largest and best assortment of Wall Paper in the County. You will find any kind of a Blank Book, School Book, and lots of other books. You will find Pocket Knives, warranted good or no sale, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c. And with all your finding, and the best of all, you will find you can save money and time by going to the Emporium as soon as you have a want to supply.

This is a true account of what is to happen every day for weeks to come to a great many of the good people of Ypsilanti and vicinity.

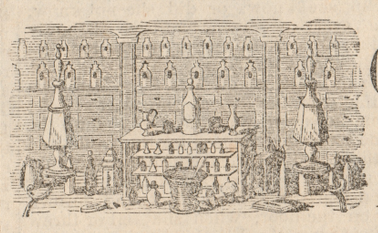
The LARGE STOCK of new *FALL DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING* now on exhibition at ROBBINS & SWEET'S, will be found more attractive to the people of this vicinity than the Great Centennial Exposition. All purchasers of Dry Goods are invited to call and examine our stock of

Dress Goods, Water Proofs, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, And Felt Goods.

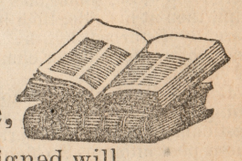
A splendid assortment of Ladies' Ready Made Cloaks. We offer the best $1 two button Kid Glove in the market. Ladies', Gent's Children's Underwear in great variety. Canton and Woolen Flannels at very low prices.

New Style HATS and CAPS.

A large assortment of Fine French Coatings and Domestic Cassimeres. Every man who wants to buy a Suit of Ready Made Clothing, we ask you to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.



ONE YEAR MORE



For the Glory of the Trade,

During the Centennial the undersigned will Offer GOODS at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

New Wall Papers and Borders,
New Books and Stationery,
New Pictures and Picture Frames,
New Perfumery and Toilet Articles,
New Fancy Goods and Toys,
New Croquet and other Games,
New Pocket Books and Cutlery,

NEW GOODS ARE COMING ALMOST EVERY DAY.

Including the above, with

Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Baby Carriages, Travelling Baskets and Bags, Bird Cages, and many other Goods, all in good order, on sale.

☞ Personal Attention to business and Carefulness in Dispensing Drugs and Medicines.

E. SAMSON.

YPSILANTI, March 18, '76. 627

How Wilhelm Escaped.

Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio were formerly rich in materials of wild adventure. The vast forests of the region swarmed with almost every variety of four-footed game, and its numerous streams and lakes abounded with fish and fowl, while the pioneer settlers were as hardy and daring a class of men as ever pulled a boat or set foot on a mountain. Tribes of Indians, too, roamed and hunted there, the bravest and fiercest of the red race.

One of the pioneers of this region was a Hessian named Neuenheyser, a deserter from that body of troops hired from Germany by the British, and sent to fight against the Americans in the Revolutionary war. His descendants still live in the same part of the country.

His son, Wilhelm, was the hero of this story. Wilhelm was a lumberman, and being much of the time in the woods, his encounters with wild beasts were not infrequent. That he should ever allow himself to go into the forest unarmed, only proves that experience itself forgets its caution.

One day, near the first of June, he had been peeling the bark from a "skid" of saw-logs. A "skid" means here a row of logs, laid side by side on cross timbers, so as not to touch the ground, but admit the air and become thoroughly seasoned. This arrangement, too, makes them convenient to load upon sleds in winter. Logs cut in May or June are easily pealed, for then the sap loosens the bark, and when it is removed they are left exceedingly slippery until they dry.

The place of Wilhelm's work was near the center of a valley about a mile wide, with a bluff on the west side, and on the east gentle hills rising from the bank of a small stream. At the foot of the hills stood a mill, and a clearing of several acres had been made around it, in which were the log houses of several settlers. West of the stream, covering valley and bluff and hills for many miles, was a dense forest. A narrow roadway had been opened from the mill to the skid of logs, but no further.

An hour before sunset, as Wilhelm was about starting for home, he heard, as he thought, a woman or child call from the bluff. He answered, thinking some member of one of the settler's families had been out gathering early flowers and wintergreens, and had lost the way.

His voice did not seem to reach the ear of the unseen caller, for in a moment another more anxious cry came from the bluff. Again he answered, and again the cry, until he became so intent on making himself heard, and finding out the apparent distress, that he began, half unconsciously, to walk in the direction of the sounds. Wilhelm had a very compassionate heart, and as he drew nearer, and the sad cry came to him more distinctly, even his long experience of forest noises did not suggest that it could be other than a human call. Perhaps it was his very experience that made him venture. He thought he *knew*.

As he pushed on through the dense thicket, he became satisfied, from the singularly pitiful tone, that the owner of the voice was a woman. He even thought that he could make out the words, "Oh, I am lost! What shall I do?" Then the cries grew fainter, and ran into a low, continuous moan.

Stirred to deepest sympathy, Wilhelm hurried on, keeping a keen lookout up the hillside. He was excited, and had no doubt now but that he should soon see a despairing woman sitting helpless on the ground. He had nearly reached the foot of the bluff, when suddenly the moaning voice changed to an appalling shriek, and he met a pair of fiery eyes glaring out of the bushes on the ledge above him. He had been drawn into the very jaws of a panther.

Why he should have permitted himself to be so deluded he never could decide, for he knew well enough that the wailing of a panther is often very much like the voice of a distressed woman. In fact, so perfect is the likeness that the most practiced ears have been deceived by it, and woodmen have sometimes neglected a real human cry for fear of encountering a panther. Wilhelm could only condemn himself for not taking his gun with him. In such cases that precaution is always wise.

Never before had our lumberman been caught so totally unprepared in peril. Even his jack-knife was in some pocket at home or on the saw-logs. Aware of his weakness, he obeyed the first instinct of fear, and turned to run. He knew well enough that this course would embolden the deadly beast to chase him, but what else could he do?

Before he had gone twenty rods the great cat was at his heels, and he almost felt her savage claws in his flesh. Whirling desperately around, he now faced her, and grasping his high coon-skin cap by the crown, commenced striking at her and shrieking at the top of his voice.

The brute hesitated, crouched close to the ground, turned her head sidewise and, lashing angrily with her tail, stepped round him at a distance of a few feet, evidently watching her chance to seize him. Her fierce yellow eyes shone like fire, and her long red tongue kept lapping her jaws, as if she was fancying how he would taste. No doubt she coveted such a supper as he would make, for Wilhelm was a plump Dutchman.

The continual movement of the panther and her intended victim presently brought them on opposite sides of a small thicket of briars, and seeing his opportunity, the lumberman again started to run. On came the blood-thirsty beast, pursuing fierce and close, sometimes in advance of him, then at his side, then in his rear, apparently disturbed by the swinging cap, and looking for a better chance to get hold of him.

Repeatedly Wilhelm thought she was going to spring upon him, and stopped to gesticulate and yell at her. The last of these poor attempts to fight for his life gave him a little advantage, or probably he never would have reached a place of safety. As he was roaring and hurling his arms about, he flung his coon skin cap, and by a curious hit lodged it, like a muzzle, exactly over the panther's nose.

This so amazed the creature that Wilhelm got several rods the start. As soon as she could shake off the cap, the panther came tearing after him again, uttering screams of rage. But Wilhelm was now in sight of the logs, and rushed for his ax.

At the end of the skid, the brute crouched and leaped for him. It seemed she intended to reach him by two springs, landing first upon the saw-logs, but here her instinct failed her. She made no calculation for the slippery condition of the peeled logs, and as she alighted upon them with tremendous force, her feet flew from under her and let her down sprawling.

Bruised and evidently discouraged, she tried to spring off, but one of her legs had passed through a crevice between the logs, and in her mad struggles she broke it.

At that instant, two men who had heard the terrible outcries in the woods came running from the mill, with axes and handspikes, and falling furiously upon the panther soon dispatched her. She proved to be one of the largest of her species. Before midnight her skin was nailed to the rafters over Wilhelm's bed. And in after years he made many a sleigh-ride more comfortable by spreading about his limbs the yellow hide of the beast that had intended to eat him.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Bogus Medium.

A trustworthy correspondent sends us the following from Webster, Mass. Mrs. Huntoon, the person caught personating a spirit, is a sister of William Eddy, the famous "materializing" meedium, formerly of Chittenden, Vt., but now of Angora, N. J., where he is practicing his profession with eminent success. Having dissolved partnership with his interesting brother Horatio, the latter, in conjunction with Mrs. Huntoon, has been carrying on business at the "old stand," making occasional sorties into the country round about, and turning up at last in Webster, Mass., where Mrs. Huntoon has come to grief in the manner described by our correspondent below. It may be remembered that a representative of the *Herald*, something over a year ago, investigated the pretensions of Mrs. Huntoon, and came to the conclusion that she was a very insignificant trickster. Since then, however, people of supposed intelligence, who have visited her at Chittenden, came to an opposite conclusion. Even a well-known gentleman of Boston, a member of the Suffolk bar, states without reservation that he saw in her presence and clearly recognized the phantom forms of two of his children in the other life. The statement of our correspondent is as follows:

The exposure of mediums is becoming so frequent of late that the question—"Who will be the next?" is scarcely asked before it is followed by the report that another has fallen. This time it is Mrs. Huntoon, of "Eddy family" fame. For some days past Mrs. Huntoon has been delighting the faithful in Worcester and vicinity by those manifestations so often described as beyond the possibility of human production. Could it be feared that the spirits would fail her here in the equally aristocratic town of Webster? Alas for human expectations, when dependent upon the invisibles! She was invited to this town, and gave her first seance here on Tuesday evening.

People saw, or believed they saw, the spirit hands and faces of their departed friends, and were assured of the presence of their loved ones. There were, however, some who believed they took the medium's hand instead of that of a departed relative, as was claimed. Without giving expression to this belief, however, the medium and the assistants were invited to the house of Mr. and Mrs. John Flint, persons well known in this town and vicinity through their intimate business relations with all classes of people during the past fifteen years. She consented to go there last evening, and "the circle" was arranged accordingly. Among the prominent persons present were Courtland Wood, lawyer; Clinton W. Davis, John Heatherington, Dr. E. G. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Bates, Isaac Regan, Mrs. John Haven, Mrs. Susan Wood, Delia A. Wood, George O. Davis, Sanford Fisk, and others.

At about 7:30 o'clock the circle was arranged, the lights were turned low, and the invisible soon manifested their presence, at first faintly and with interruption, "but as "conditions" improved by some rearrangement of the parties present, there was a marked change in the degree of their power and daring. At length the curtain was thrown out at one side, and some of us could see a low, bending figure, with apparently a night-capped head, seeking recognition. It was, however, shy of the light, which it was found necessary to diminish considerably. Hands were now presented at the orifice in the curtain, faces appeared behind it, and at length an old lady, professing to be the mother of Mrs. Flint, desired recognition. Mrs. Flint approached the curtain, when the delicate, fluttering hand of the spirit could be seen in eager effort to grasp her daughter's hand, which, of course, continued by its earthly magnetism to repel the etherial form, causing it to dance before her, but to elude the grasp it professed to seek. With the question, "Is this my dear mother?" to which was replied in a hoarse and broken whisper, "Yes, I am your mother!" Mrs. F. succeeded in arresting the attention of the supposed spirit, and at the instant seized and held the proffered hand. Instantly, Lawyer Wood turned on the gas, which had been left burning for that purpose, revealing to the audience Mrs. Huntoon secure in the hands of her captors, but endeavoring to sink upon the floor. Both Mr. Davis and Mr. Flint rushed to the rescue. Mr. Flint raised her, and succeeded in setting her on her feet, but while he was still endeavoring to support her, and in the face of the entire audience, in the full light of the gas, she threw herself from his support, with the exclamation: "There, you've broken both of my arms!" and fell nearly prostrate upon the floor. No sooner was she again raised than she declared that Mrs. Flint had never touched her hand until she broke into the cabinet and dragged her from her seat.

Did she know, or did she not know, that every movement had been distinctly visible to that audience from the moment the light was turned on, while the same form in the hands of Mrs. Flint had been visible from the instant she was seized? Such, however, was the fact. With the same reckless disregard for the truth and of the actual knowledge of the twenty to twenty-five witnesses of the occurrence, she declared that Mrs. Flint had thrown her on the floor, when she fell or threw herself from Mr. Flint's arms.

A more stupid attempt at fraud cannot well be imagined.—*Boston Herald.*

"General Fremont."

A farmer's wagon, in which were seated several persons, was halted near Harper's Hospital yesterday by a boy, who called out:

"You are dragging something under the wagon!"

The farmer got down, and the sight that met his eyes nearly took his breath away. Untying a rope from the hind axle-tree he dragged a mud-covered object from under the wheels, look up at his wife and solemnly asked:

"Does that thing look much like our dog Gen. Fremont?"

She cried out in great mental distress, and wanted him to see if the dog couldn't be restored to life.

"He's been choked to death, and dragged, and run over and killed, and you might as well try to resurrect the Pilgrim Fathers!" he answered. "One hour ago he was full of life and trying to tear a tin-peddler's heels off; look down upon him now and remember all you can to tell the children when we get home!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Miser and the Spendthrift.

The miser digs his heart out hollow to stow away his money in.

He is, if possible, a bigger fool than the drunkard; he loves money simply because it is money, while the drunkard loves whisky for the fun he says there is in it.

Misers almost always live to be old, and grow miserly to the last.

They accumulate by littles, and their hearts never open only on a crack, and only then to let in another shilling.

There is no condition of life free from this base passion, the highest as well as the lowest, those of the most mental capacity and those of the least.

An old miser is a sad enough sight, but next to an idiot, a young miser is the most revolting spectacle of all.

Misers enjoy what they don't use, lose what they save, and die possessed of the only treasure that is of no use to them.

The most terrible sarcasm is a miser's funeral, for the heir often makes it gorgeous and expensive, and then pitches headlong into the pile the old fool has left.

Next to hoarding up money and never spending it comes the folly of spending it foolishly.

It is a sad sight to see a fine fortune wildly wasted by one who never earned a cent of it, and whose only ambition is to see how quick he can make a pauper of himself.

Spendthrifts are never generous, they are more often avaricious; I have known them to be reckless in public, and as mean as misers in private.

It is seldom that men waste the substance that they have heaped up themselves, and when a spendthrift gits poor, he is one of the best images of poverty we have.

These men never care to make any friends when they have wealth, and when they become beggars are deserted by everybody

One hour of a spendthrift's remorse at what he calls the ingratitude of the world is more than an offset to all he has ever enjoyed during the fury of his wastefulness.

He who wantonly wastes his estate ministers more to his vanity than to his happiness, and what looks like noble-heartedness in him, if you will examine closely, will prove to be only a miserly selfishness.

There are no two persons on earth who despise each other more than the miser and the spendthrift, and certainly there are no two whose example is much worse, and who do so little good with the means they have for benefitting mankind.—*Josh Billings, in N. Y. Weekly.*

Late Fashions.

It is no wonder gentlemen complain that they cannot understand the vacillations of fashion. It is something beyond even feminine comprehension. Now that at last every well minded female has cheated or cajoled father or husband into purchasing a seal-skin sacque, she awakes to the overwhelming fact that fashion vetoes that elegant garment. But, to compensate for this terrible loss, she offers all sorts of charming wraps, and never have the cold days found us with greater or more handsome protections than are the elegant long cloaks. Of these I think I have spoken; but they are not the only wraps; there is a very great variety. The new dolmans, and other garments belonging to this family, are especially handsome. They have a recommendation in the large, loose sleeve, which offers abundant opportunity for fancy stuff, linings and other elaborations of lace, fur, feathers, etc. Close-wadded sleeves are made to wear under the ample, flowing drapery and the wind is licensed to blow the latter back at its own sweet will in order to reveal the half-hidden decorations. On account of being so easily worn over elaborate dresses and garnitures, the dolman is deservedly a favorite for an evening wrap in full dress. Some exceedingly handsome ones of elegant fabrics and light colors are shown. The heavy woolen materials designed for large coats and cloaks are so fine in texture, and so beautiful in the woven patterns, that but little in the way of trimming is required. Some of the most elegant imported ones are absolutely without any, unless we reckon as such the buttons and loops, or agraffes, of silver, gold or jet. The thick beavers are exceedingly beautiful, having a soft, woolly underside, and the surface diversified by some handsome designs, as twills, checks, basket patterns, quadrilles, etc. Garments of this material require no lining. Suits are decidedly passe, and cloaks and dolmans of wolf and gray cloths are considered most appropriate for elaborate toilets. These, from their nature, admit of profuse decoration, and for this ruches of silk, embroideries, feathers and fur are employed. Silk and cashmere braids are also much used in trimming them. A handsome garniture, to be used as a heading to a silk fringe, consists of silk pipings, with silk or crochet nail-heads ranged between in regular rows. For combination with worsted fringe, a similar effect is produced by narrow braid and small buttons.

A showy trimming results from the following arrangement: Four perpendicular loops of inch-wide silk braid depend from a horizontal bar of the same. This is studded with four small buttons, silk or crochet. This disposition of the braid is repeated up the entire front on both sides, and also around the bottom of the sacque. The sleeves are similarly trimmed, and the two large square pockets outlined in the same manner. An unaffected but rich and pleasing decoration is obtained by placing three large passementerie buttons in perpendicular rows, with regular spaces intervening. This is done around the bottom and on the cuffs, while two rows up the front hold in place the cords which fasten the cloak. Misses' cloaks differ but little from those of their mammas, and cloth and worsted materials, both cheap and expensive, are shown for their selection. Where fur is employed as trimming for these little garments, it has been decided that young fox or coney is the most appropriate. Graduated widths of plain galloon, very narrow fringes, small passementerie ornaments, are usually selected as preferable. A very jaunty little sacque is half-tight fitting, and has the skirt portion in the back divided just back of the hips and in the middle, while each piece is turned back in revers. A deep fan-pleating is inserted in each opening, and flares slightly toward the bottom. For little "bits" of girls a beautiful ruddy cardinal cloth is imported. It makes a very elegant garment when trimmed with bands of fur, silk, or velvet, and with cuffs and a collar of the same.

In selecting dress materials, ladies now do so with an eye to contrasts and combination. The same shades still continue fashionable; and black, though always a standard color, is comparatively little worn. Among new materials is a novelty known as brocaded velours, and, like all goods of this class, will be used chiefly for overdresses and other draperies. It combines well with plain silks and velvet, or any woolen goods, and cannot fail to become popular on account of its reasonable price, costing less than medium quality silk It is very effective in appearance, being rich and elegant, but it is ill adapted for any use where a strain will be put upon it, as in waists, etc., as it frays easily. Another desirable fabric is camel's-hair vigogne, which closely resembles fine pressed opera flannel, but which in reality has a twilled surface. On account of its breadth, forty-eight inches, it is in great demand for polonaises and overskirts. It may be procured for the same price as plain cashmere, and is double its width. It drapes exceedingly well. For combination with velvet and silk, invisible plaids in myrtle-green, navy-blue, and mixed gray are very effective. These plaids are also popular among ladies inclined to embonpoint, as they are generally but an inch square, and are very indistinct, as their name indicates.

Ladies who must purchase for growing daughters as well as for themselves may find under the name of "suitings" a variety of goods which seem for their special accommodation. Many of them are quite pretty and stylish, and the maximum price seldom exceeds fifty cents. A stuff which recommends itself as a school dress is Scotch winsey, a cheap material resembling knickerbocker camel's hair, but a great deal coarser. It makes up well alone or in combination, and is to be obtained in all the new dark tints.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A Chinese Way of Dealing With Corrupt Officers.

The following extract from a China paper gives a picture of paternal government in that country, in which the precept of not sparing the rod is carried into practice in a way which ought to strike terror into the hearts of the official hierarchy. The bamboo has long been known as an effective instrument for governing the masses and the correction of offenders against the Chinese code, but there is something novel as well as startling in the idea of a degraded official being made to hold out his hands for a hundred blows to be administered on the palms as a preliminary castigation for malversation. If such a mode of dealing with official malpractices were to become general we might soon hope to see a notable improvement in the administrative departments which in China are so notoriously bad and corrupt.

"We learn that one of the mandarins here, who had swindled the Government of a large sum of money when making purchases of warlike materials at Hong Kong during the Formosan affair, was brought up for trial before the redoubtable Ting and the Fautal. On the 4th of August this degraded official was subjected, as an introduction to something severe in store for him, to a flogging of one hundred blows on the palms of his hands. He was to have been bambooed in the usual way as other criminals on the back, but for his bitter crying and vehement entreaties, coupled with the fact of his not being in very good health. The defaulting official is surnamed Man, and is related to a Taoutai of that name who was degraded at the same time with the Viceroy Ying Han in the Waising affair."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

War Trappings of an Indian Chief.

The Smithsonian Institute received a few days ago a valuable and interesting addition to its museum in the shape of a complete and very fine outfit of the war trappings of an Indian chief. The contribution comes from west of the Rocky Mountains, but no letter of transmission or description has been as yet received. The suit consists of a very fine headdress of red flannel, trimmed and decorated with beadwork and eagle's feathers. The long train which descends from the head and over the shoulders is also fringed with eagle's feathers. There is an undershirt which is worn next the skin. It is of red flannel also, with a black and white border, and is sewn over with elk teeth. The suit includes a pair of war leggings of red cloth, highly decorated with thick beadwork in alternate squares of dark blue and light blue beads, and with fringes of buckskin down the sides. The war-shirt, worn outside, is of buckskin, ornamented with beads and human hair, and is painted on the breast and shoulder. In addition to these articles there is a complete flowing shabraque which is worn over the shoulders with the ends falling on each side of the wearer. It is worn only when the chief is mounted, as a chief is not fond of carrying much weighty apparel or accouterment, and is of flannel, faced with otter skin. To this is attached the bow-case and quiver-case, which are both heavily ornamented with beadwork in various colors. There came with the suit a pair of squaw's leggings of red flannel, very thickly and tastefully sewn with beadwork. These articles could not have cost less than some two hundred dollars in the aggregate, and the thick ornamental beadwork is very costly.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The Greatest Banks.

The paid-up capital of the Nevada Bank, $10,000,000 in gold coin, stands, with the exception of the Bank of Commerce of New York, unequaled by that of any bank in the United States. The Bank of Commerce has also a capital of $10,000,000, but it is in currency. The largest bank in Canada is the Bank of Montreal, with a capital of $12,000,000. The Merchants' Bank, in the same city, has a capital of $9,000 000. The following is a list of the only banks in the United States with a capital of $5,000,000 and upward: Bank of Commerce, New York, $10,000,000; Nevada Bank, San Francisco, $10,000,000; C. R. R. and Banking Company, Savannah, $7,500,000; Bank of California, San Francisco, $5,000,000; Merchants' Exchange Bank, San Francisco, $5,000,000; American Exchange, New York, $5,000,000; Fourth National, New York, $5,000,000. It will be seen that San Francisco now stands on a par with New York as a great banking center, and the indications are that in time the bullion trade of the world will be controled by our city instead of London, as heretofore. The Nevada Bank, only a year in existence, has been such a success that it enters on its second year with doubled capital and the best wishes of the mercantile community.—*San Francisco Post.*

—John D. Lee, the convicted Mountain Meadow fiend, sobs and threatens by turns, and it is thought probable will yet make a confession.

THE courts in Boston have naturalized 1,500 persons this fall with a prospect of a far greater business in the future.

Our Young Readers.

HOW GRANDMA "WENT TEETHING."

"WENT teething!" I think I hear you cry. "Do teeth ever grow on bushes? Can you gather them by the quart or bushel, as one picks blackberries?" Not at all. And yet Grandma did really "go teething," as she herself expressively declares.

Let us hear her tell the story.

"I was not quite four years old when the baby came. 'A very little girl,' do you say? Well, I don't know about that. I had an idea that I was pretty large. I suppose that came from Aunt Mehitable's telling me, about forty times a day, that I was 'big enough to know better,' though what mischief I was up to I can't for the life of me remember.

"Well, the baby was a darling; and I wasn't the only one who thought so. She was as pretty as a pink and as sweet as a May-blossom. Every day, as regular as the day came, I used to take her a bright red apple and a scalloped cookie, sprinkled all over with caraway seeds. Mother always took them, and thanked me in the baby's name; and the baby herself gave me a beautiful smile and seemed to understand all about it. That is to say, she generally did; but she was only a mortal baby, after all, and couldn't be expected to smile when she had the colic. One day, when I came in with my offerings, I found her screaming and kicking like a little wild Injun; and mother and Aunt Mehitable were doing everything they could think of to still her.

"'I'll make her stop just in a minute,' said I. So I broke off a little bit of the cookie and put it in her open mouth. But she only screeched louder, and mother had a great piece of work to get it out again.

"Don't, daughter,' said she. 'Save them for by and by. Little sister's in pain now.' She was going to take them from my hand, when Aunt Mehitable spoke up:

"'What foolish nonsense, Sybil!' (my mother's name was Sybil). 'You're just deceiving that child. 'She'll find it out one of these days, and she won't respect you half as much for it.'

"'Yes, I shall 'spect her half so much,' said I; for I loved my mother dearly and couldn't bear to hear a lisp against her.

"'You don't know anything about it, child,' said Aunt Mehitable. 'Your mother means to be honest; but, strictly speaking, she isn't. The baby hasn't a tooth in her head. She couldn't eat an apple or a cookie any more than you could eat Bunker Hill Monument, if you could get it.'

"Not a tooth in her head! Couln't eat a cookie, or even bite an apple! Was it possible?

"Looking at the matter in the solemn light in which Aunt Mehitable presented it, and thinking of the many privations which the baby must suffer in consequence, I began to cry.

"'Come, come, Jane. We can't have but one baby here. If you're going to set up opposition, you must go down-stairs.'

"I didn't know what 'setting up opposition' meant; but I did know that I wanted to cry, so down-stairs I went, holding my apron up to my eyes and sobbing as if my heart would break.

"Uncle Jack was in the kitchen. He was one of the kindest-hearted in the world, but he was a master hand to tease.

"'What's the matter, Sis?'" said he.

"'The—baby—can't—eat—cookies,' said I, with a great burst of tears after every word.

"'Can't eat cookies! Why not, I should like to know?'

"''Cause she—hasn't—a tooth—in her—head.'

"'No teeth! How does that happen?'

"'God forgot to make 'em.' This seemed to me the only way to explain the mystery. It was my own private opinion, and I gave it without hesitation.

"'How very sad!' said Uncle Jack. 'Couldn't you lend her some of yours?'

"I brightened up. Then my countenance fell. 'They're all glued in,' said I, dolefully.

"'I'll tell you what to do,' said he, at length. 'Go up to Deacon Elbridge's store and buy some. Buy ten cents' worth. Here's the money.'

"I took the bit of silver from his hand. 'Do Deacon Elbridge sell teeths?'

"'I saw some there once—real store-teeth,' replied Uncle Jack, gravely.

"I put on my sun-bonnet and started. My uncle stood at the door watching me as I trotted up the road. The store was only a short distance off, and I was soon standing at the large door, trying to muster courage enough to go in.

"Sam Elbridge spied me out, at last. 'Why, if here ain't little Jane Topliff!' he cried. 'Have you come out shopping today?'

"'I'd like some teeths for the baby,' said I, stepping just inside the door.

"'Some what?'

"'Some teeths for the baby. Store teeths. She didn't get any made yet. Here's ten cents.'

"Sam looked at me for a minute, as if he couldn't believe his own ears. Then he drew his lips together with the queerest little pucker, and I wondered if he was going to have a fit.

"'Teeth for the baby?' said he. 'Oh! yes; of course. Up to the other end of the store. Walk right up, Miss Topliff.'

"It made me rather uncomfortable to be called 'Miss Topliff,' for many and many a time I had ridden to 'Banbury Cross' upon Sam's strong foot; but I followed him without a word.

"Now, it happened that a year or two before this Deacon Elbridge—being well along in years and bearing marks of his age, as we all have to in one way or another—had been persuaded by his oldest daughter to go to Toppinsville and be measured (as he used to say) for some new teeth. He wouldn't have a full set, for he had two or three stanch old ivories left, which he declined to part with at any price.

"'But you'd look so much better if you'd have them all out, father,' said Maria.

"''Taint best for a man of my age to look too well,' was his reply. "We'll see what these few extras will do for me before I order any more.'

"And when he came home, with the 'few extras' in his mouth, how everybody did stare. Mrs. Elbridge didn't say a word, and Maria only dared to whisper that they were a leetle too large for him. He did look terribly, people said. His mouth seemed to be drawn back into a dreadful kind of smile, without a bit of fun or heartiness behind it.

"He walked up to the glass, looked at himself for a moment, and said just one word. It wasn't a very pretty word, children; at least, not when used in that way.

"'Thunder!' said he. Then he pulled the teeth out of his mouth and clapped them into the table-drawer; and he never looked at them again for three months.

"It was a long while before any of the family dared to touch them. But at last Sam ventured to take them into the store one day, just to show to one of his father's particular friends; and it wasn't long before the teeth became a sort of standing joke, at which the Deacon could laugh as well as anybody.

"But they never found their way back in the house. They were always kept away back upon the upper shelf, shut up tightly in an old tin box.

"I followed Sam, as I told you, without saying a word, feeling glad and happy that the baby's wants were to be supplied. He took the box down from its place and handed it to me.

"'Here,' said he. 'Take them and welcome. We never charge for babies' teeth. Hold the box right side up with care, and don't open it till you get home.'

"Open it? Of course not. I couldn't wait for that. The baby must have them as soon as possible, to make up for lost time. I ran toward home as fast as my two feet would carry me, and never stopped for a second until I had reached mother's chamber.

"'Here!' said I, triumphantly, handing her the box. 'Here's some teeths. I buyed 'em. Give the baby some new apple. Quick!'

"Mother opened the box, and took out what seemed to be a dull-looking piece of metal, with a few yellowish-white somethings looking for all the world like kernels of dried corn fastened upon it. 'Where have you, been, Jennie? Where did you get this?' she asked, in amazement.

"'Deacon Elbridge. He keeps 'em,' I faltered. I was dreadfully disappointed, for my treasures didn't look a bit as I expected.

"'Aunt Mehitable took them from mother's hand. 'For mercy's sake!' said she, 'what on earth possessed 'em to give you this?'

"'I buyed it,' I answered, proudly. 'Sam wouldn't take any ten centsis. Uncle Jack said so.'

"'Uncle Jack said what?'

"'Said I could buy some store-teeths for little sister.'

"Then mother understood all about it, and she pitied me. She held up the large, unsightly plate and pointed to the baby's sweet little mouth.

"'You see, darling,' said she, 'baby couldn't use them. God will give her some nice little white teeth by-and-by. She will have to wait for them, just as you did for yours.'

"She took me in her lap and kissed me. I saw her lip quiver a little as she looked at the 'store-teeths,' and Aunt Mehitable's face was a sight to behold.

"'It was too bad of Jack!' she cried. 'He's quite too fond of his jokes. I'll go down stairs and give him a good scolding.' And down she went.

"I did not hear the scolding; but I couldn't help hearing Uncle Jack's roar of laughter. He rushed up-stairs like a school-boy, took me from mother's lap (I was crying bitterly now), and seated me upon his broad shoulder.

"'It was too bad, little girlie,' he exclaimed. 'Uncle Jack's dreadful sorry. Can't you forgive him?'

"No, I couldn't.

"'Let me see,' said he, speaking very slowly. 'I did think of going over to Aunt Ellen's this afternoon. I did think of inviting a certain little girl to go with me. But I'm afraid I shan't have the courage to do it now. I'm sure I never can take such a long ride all alone.'

"Now, a ride to Aunt Ellen's meant a delightful drive through the pine woods, where wild flowers and bunch-berries grew in abundance. I cried a little more softly as I thought of it.

"'If she only could forgive me,' he went on, plaintively.

"I rubbed my eyes, but didn't answer.

"'The speckled hen's eggs are hatched,' he continued, thoughtfully. 'And I have heard it said that Brindle's new bossy is a perfect beauty. Dear me! how I wish I could go.'

"I wiped away my tears. 'You can go,' said I, magnanimously; 'and I'll go with you.'

"I couldn't be sorry that I had forgiven him, for the thought of that afternoon is one of the brightest of my childhood's memories. But I didn't quite understand why it was that he felt obliged to tell Aunt Ellen all about the matter, dilating in the most extraordinary manner upon his own misconduct and my generosity.

"'Too bad! too bad! Wasn't it, Aunt Ellen? Such a dear, kind little girl, to forgive her cruel old uncle. But she's really been teething—our little Jenny—just as the children go blue-berrying, with a very slight difference. Don't you see?'

"Dear Uncle Jack! He was a dreadful tease; but we all loved him. Ah, me! he's been in his grave these twenty years. Troubles came to him, as they come to others; but he had a way of getting atop of them, as somebody says (I can't tell who now, and it's no matter), so they didn't crush him.

"I'm very sure that neither of us ever forgot the day when 'our little Jenny went teething.'"—*Mary C. Bartlett, in N. Y. Independent.*

A NEW kind of electric light, lately experimented upon at Berlin, on the roof of the Siemens-Halske works in that city, proved so successful that ordinary writing could be read at a distance of a mile. When the light was thrown toward the clouds, by means of a mirror, there appeared a luminous train thereon, which much resembled a tail of a comet, and drew together great crowds of spectators in the streets. Signals made by the instrument were also repeated upon the clouds, becoming thus visible at a very great distance. The experiments were made in the presence of a large number of artillery and other branches of the Government service, and were continued for nearly two hours. The instrument, which is provided with a locomotive engine, is to be set up in the Tege artillery polygon for further experiment, the German War Department intending to purchase several of the machines for military use, both afloat and ashore.

The Welfare of the Human System

Is in a great measure dependent upon the way in which the bowels perform their evacuative function. If they are regular—and they can always be rendered so by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—an important essential of health is secured, and that blessing is very apt to follow. If they are irregular, chronic constipation and indigestion supervene, the liver becomes disordered, and the bile, being diverted from its natural channel and purposes, enters and contaminates the blood, producing that yellowish cast of the skin and whites of the eyes which is such a sure index of biliousness. All these disastrous consequences, as well as others of a far more serious nature, are remedied and prevented by Hostetter's Bitters, the leading American specific for disorders of the bowels, stomach and liver.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER is a gentle and constant Electric Battery closely and continuously applied to the skin by the adhesion of the Plaster and is capable at all times of affording the most grateful relief in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sciatica.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Editor Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, is mourning the death of his only sister.

—The Boston *Globe* has somehow got the notion that whenever Ole Bull goes into a town he must of necessity put up at some vi'lin.

—Mr. John Morley, the English writer, says that the history of any country can only be effectually and intelligently taught by treating it in its relation to the history of the world.

—Mr. William E. Dodge has been constrained to request a public announcement of the fact that he is not so wealthy as he has been represented to be; and he desires to have it known that the demands upon his purse for contributions to charitable objects are greater than he can meet.

—Capt. John Wilson, who in 1859 rescued 600 persons from the sinking steamship Connaught, is now living in extreme destitution at New Orleans. He was made a hero of on both sides the ocean at the time, but his services have been forgotten, while old age and poverty have overtaken him.

—A photographer at Le Roy, N. Y., a few days ago photographed in one group Mrs. Stanley, aged ninety-two; her daughter, Mrs. Brown, aged seventy-four; her granddaughter, Mrs. Bostwick, aged forty-four; her great granddaughter, Mrs. Duncan B. McNaughton, aged twenty-three, and her great-great-grandson, Roy McNaughton, aged two years.

—Wawkeen Miller again utters a saddening wail. He says "the lark has loves in seas of grass," and other wild beasts and maidens and seamen revel in their affections, but, as for him, he is "lonely and unloved, alas! as clouds that weep and droop and pass." Perhaps if he should go out where he belongs, and live with his wife and children, he might find a balm for his woes.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—The wonderful man-tracks which were discovered in Connecticut recently and which were instantly pronounced fraudulent by Prof. Marsh, might well have alarmed the scientific world if they had been proved genuine. They were found in strata which contain no fossils, and they indicated the existence of a race of giants in the so-called azoic period. They would have upset the evolution hypothesis instantly.

A Confidence Game in St. Louis.

J. W. Hensley is the name of a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living at Forsyth, Taney County, Mo., forty-five miles from the town of Springfield. Out in that country they are honest folk, don't go much on style, and are of such confiding natures as to sometimes fall victims to the wolves of society. This description will at least apply to Hensley, or would previous to his recent visit to St. Louis. During the past summer he has been devoting a portion of his time to fattening a drove of choice hogs for the market, and on Wednesday arrived in the city with them. They were such plump, clean-looking porkers that Hensley had no end of bids for them, and yesterday morning pushed into one of the pockets of his breeches a roll of $575, as the proceeds from their sale. His business was concluded, and having a desire to return home as soon as practicable, he went to the Union Depot to ascertain when the first train left for Springfield. Not until eight o'clock in the evening, he was told, and as he had almost the full day before him, he proceeded to dispose of the time as best he might in an economical way. Walking seemed to suit him, and wandering about the streets in the immediate neighborhood of the depot, with a glazed cloth grip-sack in hand, he looked the picture of contentment and bucolic innocence—barring sex, a regular Red Riding Hood, with only the wolf wanting to complete the picture.

There was a wolf in the neighborhood, as it turned out, who soon set eyes on Hensley and marked him for his victim. The stranger was not long in ascertaining that he had met with a guileless child of nature, for Hensley, with small encouragement, soon put him in possession of all the facts relative to his home, his calling, and the object and result of his visit to St. Louis. After thoroughly pumping the "gray," the new-comer said: "You must know the Robinsons, of Springfield? They're prominent people there." Hensley, confiding soul, did know the Robinsons, and when the stranger said, "The old man's an uncle of mine," and, "My name's J. L. Robinson," his confidence went out with a gush and he was ready to submit to the plucking which the scoundrel was preparing for him. Robinson, for such he may be called, shook the honest hand that was extended by the farmer, and said that he was doubly rejoiced to meet him, since he, too, was going to Springfield, and they could journey together. After some further conversation upon unimportant topics, the thief invited the "gray" to accompany him to dinner, but, as Hensley had contracted for a meal at a "cross-roads tavern" near the depot, he declined and the two men separated.

About six o'clock, last evening, while the farmer was seated in the waiting-room at the depot, Robinson came in, and renewed the acquaintance by remarking that some time would elapse before their train would start. The conversation ran upon several subjects for a few moments, when Robinson said he had some further purchases to make up town, and would be glad to have Hensley's company. The latter was willing to go and did go, and therein is to be found one of the most bitter experiences of his life, for Robinson was a villain and a thief, and during his absence, after the morning's interview, had laid his plans for robbing the farmer of his money. The thief led the way, and the two men were soon on Eleventh street, between Spruce and Poplar streets, a locality well fitted to be the scene of the dirty work in contemplation. As they were proceeding leisurely along, a party to the scheme came running toward them, and accosting Robinson, said: "I have just delivered your goods at the depot, and, let me say, that one of the packages, containing valuable articles, has been broken in transit, and, unless some one is by to watch, you will be robbed." Of course Robinson had something to say upon the necessity of returning at once to the depot, and turned about, as though to do so, when his confederate played his second card, by remarking that he was instructed to collect on delivery. At this, Robinson, with much fumbling, drew from his pocket what purported to be a bond and tendered it to his confederate. The latter could not accept that in payment, as he was not prepared to furnish the change. Robinson then offered a draft for $800, "drawn on New York and certified," but the same objection held good in this case as in the preceding. Could Mr. Hensley accommodate his new found friend with a loan until they returned to the depot? He could, and did, handing over to the voracious Robinson the entire proceeds of his pork sale, $575. The bill it appeared was "only $571," and the four dollars difference was returned to the farmer with the remark that he might have occasion to need it before they returned to the depot. As the confederate turned to leave he reminded Robinson of the necessity of having "those goods" watched, saying that he would not be accountable for them if stolen. With a well-feigned look of anxiety, which only served to excite the former's sympathy, Robinson asked Henslev if he would not return to the depot and watch the goods until his return, as he must get a receipt for the money paid. Without a shadow of doubt as to the honesty of the request, the farmer consented to do so and started back, instructed to "look for some boxes marked J. L. Robinson." He failed, of course, to find such packages, but it was not until he had ransacked almost every room in the depot that he began to smell a rat. Acting on the advice of some one to whom he told his story, he hurried to the Chief of Police, and laid bare his woes. He could give no sort of description of the thieves—whether they were tall or short, thick or thin, such effect had they had upon his mind. The Chief afforded him such small consolation as he could, but as Hensley could furnish no ground upon which to work the case, there is little hope of his recovering his money. He started for home last night upon the money returned to him by Robinson, with his eye-teeth cut, and thoroughly sick of St. Louis.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

English Pensions.

The English often complain of the heavy expense with which their Government is carried on, and the large taxes which rich and poor have to pay to sustain it.

One of the largest items of this expense is created by the pensions which are yearly paid out of the treasury.

The custom of awarding pensions to a great variety of persons, and for a great variety of reasons, is a very ancient one in England, and is so firmly rooted that it would be very difficult to abolish or even to curtail it. Yet that it has grown to be a great burden and evil, is seen and confessed by most Englishmen.

In this country, pensions are only given to the soldiers and sailors who have fought in defense of the Nation; in England they are given not only to soldiers, but to statesmen and officials, to writers, artists and sculptors, to inventors, travelers and discoverers.

The largest pensions, or annual incomes, that are paid from the English treasury are those awarded to the royal family. Besides the enormous income of about $2,000,000 received by the Queen, for instance, Prince Albert had an annuity of $150,000 a year. When the Queen's oldest daughter was married, Parliament voted her a dowry of $200,000, and an annual income of $40,000 besides.

The Prince of Wales receives about $300,000 a year in the same way.

The whole amount taken every year from the treasury to pay the annuities of the royal family reaches $2,800,000. Every officeholder under the British Government, after serving for a certain period, is entitled to retire upon a pension for life, The same is the case with army and navy officers.

Some of the pensions paid to the high dignitaries on their withdrawal from office are very large. For example, the Lord-Chancellor, the highest law officer, who also presides over the House of Lords, and takes rank above the highest Duke, gets $10,000 a year for life on retiring. He may only have held the office for six months, or even less. The mere fact that he has been Chancellor entitles him to a pension.

Besides these pensions to public officials, a large number is given for a great variety of reasons. The House Mininter has every year the sum of £1,200 at his disposal for life pensions, to be given to people who have claims upon the royal bounty, who have done some personal service to the Crown, who have made useful discoveries, or have done something in literature or art.

Other pensions are given for something that ancestors or relatives of the persons receiving them have done in the past. Some of the reasons for giving these are very curious.

For example, there are now living two gentlemen who receive $3,000 a year for life, because their ancestors aided Charles II. to escape from the battle of Worcester, two centuries ago. A German baroness gets the same sum for having faithfully served Queen Victoria for eighteen years

All those who instructed the Queen in her early years—her French, dancing and singing masters, draw $500 a year for life.

The daughters of Sir Hudson Lowe, who treated Napoleon so cruelly when he was a prisoner at St. Helena, get $250 a year for their father's services in that respect; and the daughters of Sir George Cathcart get $1,500 a year for that officer's gallant conduct at Inkerman.

Many writers receive comfortable pensions, which they are sure of having to the end of their lives. Tennyson, who as Poet Laureate is expected to write an ode when a prince or princess gets married, draws $1,000 a year for this slight and not frequent service. The widows of Tom Hood and Douglas Jerrold, and some others, have $500 a year.

You can easily see that all these pensions, the number of which, of course, is constantly increasing, make up an enormous expense. Very many of them are given without any good reason; and there is a vast deal of grumbling about them in England. But it will probably be long before they are done away with.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Millions In It."

Riding down one of the canyons in the neighborhood, says a Colorado letter in the *Liberal Christian*, I came upon a log hut by the side of a stream. Beyond it was a potato patch, in which a woman in a huge sun-bonnet and five bare-legged children were digging out their morning meal. As I neared the spot an unsavory-looking man, with soapy locks and unkempt beard, appeared at the door ax in hand. Saluting him, I inquired my way, and incidentally alluded to the mining operations along the canyon. "They don't know nothing 'bout mining in this district," returned the wood-cutter, for such he was. "It takes a man that has been all through California and Arizony to know how to work a lead. Been all through them countries, stranger, I have. Reckon I could put 'em up to a thing or two. Am I mining myself? Wall, yes, generally I be. I've got a mine that beats anything in the Territory. I'm all right, I am—I've got all I want. What is it? Platiny, sir! Platiny! Not working it just now, sir; no. I'm thinking of taking my family down to the Centennial, I am. I'd like to show off a little to the boys. That's all right, I reckon, if a man's got the color, ain't it? Expensive trip. Of course, of course, but expense ain't no account to me. Why, I reckon I'm worth a million and a half!" (This with emphasis.) I felt, and no doubt looked, sufficiently impressed, but could not help casting a dubious glance at the ragged group in the potato field. "Them's my wife and children, sir—healthy looking, hey? We're only a-staying here for our health, like. Fine air, sir, fine air—finest country in the world, sir! Where is mine located? Over yonder," and he swept the horizon vaguely with his thumb. "It's kivered up with brush, sir, now. Needs capital, sir, to develop it. But I kin command it, I kin. Like you to see a piece of the ore, sir. The man down at the toll-gate, he's got some of it. You ask him and he'll show you a bit of rock as is a sure cure for sore eyes—you just bet your life on that. Richest thing in the Territory, sir." Then, in a confidential whisper, he added, "I don't mind letting you in on a small interest—if you've got capital, mind! Capital alone, sir, kin git a foot of that lode. Not that I want to sell—*no sir!* Well, good day, stranger—see you again—you go and look at that there rock at the toll-gate—that's all." And giving his sombrero a lofty pull over his eyes, and shouldering his ax, this incipient Col. Sellers strode grandly away, leaving me duly awe-struck and admiring.

A Chinese Legend.

The other morning, when the keen air and raw wind made gloves and overcoats a necessity, a Baxter street Chinaman stood before a Chatham street clothing store and shivered in his thin cambric coat. He fastened his queer eyes on an overcoat at the door, and the look on his face showed that he was searching for something of the kind.

"Nice goat—shust a fit—sheap in brice, and off der most exquisite quality; six dollars dakes it," explained the clothier.

"Ugh! ugh!" shivered the Chinaman, smiling blandly, as if he wanted to carry the idea that it was a warm morning.

"You need dot goat," continued the dealer. "You are shust freezing to bieces in your tracks."

"Thlee dlollar nuff, alle same," replied the Chinaman, drawing his sleeve across his forehead, as if to wipe away perspiration.

"Go away, you man from Shina—go away to some sthore where dey haf sheap shoddy goods!" exclaimed the clothier.

"John" passed on, turned the corner, and, as the wind from the river struck him in a new place, he jumped clear from the walk and his teeth struck together. He turned back, and as he neared the clothier's he removed his hat and fanned himself.

"Do you want dot goat or not?" asked the dealer.

"Welly hotee to-day," replied John, still fanning himself and puffing heavily.

"My souls! but how can you call such wedder hot? Hefens alife, but I haf seven stoafs going up stairs to keep my family warm! Being dot you are from Shina, you can haf dot goat for fife dollar."

"Woosh, more hotee—fo' dlollar plenty nuff."

"Four dollar! Do you pelief dot same goat cost me seven gold dollar last week. Walk on, Mister Shinaman.

The Chinaman walked. The wind blew down his back and around his ribs, and a teardrop gathered on his nose. He must have an overcoat at some price, and he again turned about.

"So you haf come for dot nice goat?" queried the dealer, as he met him again.

"Awful hotee!" gasped John, wiping his face and fanning himself.

"My hefens! but what a queer peoples dose folks are!" sighed the dealer.

"Fo' dollar and halfy; plenty, nuffy, alle same," said John, looking at the coat.

"My souls! my souls! but dese sheap prices will preak me down before night! However, I must haf money to pay my taxes, and dot goat is yours."

"Big hotee—woosh!" exclaimed John as he counted out the money and saw the coat come down.

"A more elegant fit I never haf seen, said the dealer, as he put the coat on the Chinaman's back. "I drow off a dollar and a half because you say it is such hot wedder with you."

John moved out to the curbstone, made a graceful bow, and as he secured the last button he waved his hand and chuckled: "It's muchee cold alle time—awful cold."

DR. F. L. POND.

The Wonderful Cancer Cures He Is Effecting at His Cancer Hospital at Aurora, Kane County, Ill.

From week to week we have mentioned the progress upon the new addition to Dr. Pond's Cancer Hospital, which gives him the capacity to accommodate 300 patients—and it is unnecessary to enter into details as to the dimensions and character of the buildings or its appointments. The doctor has been with us three years or more, and almost every month of this time we have been called upon to personally note his treatment of cancers, and the wonderful success attending his labors; we have always been careful, while expressing our candid and honest opinion, to give plentiful opportunity for those disposed to question our statements to compare notes, by referring them to scores of persons who have been cured by him, and were but too glad to render their testimony in reference to Dr. Pond's skill; and to-day we only desire to mention the fact that the newly-arranged and refitted cancer hospital in this city, the largest, most complete and successful in the United States, is now in full working order, with ample accommodations for 300 patients.

The building we have repeatedly spoken of, and need only add that it is fitted up throughout with all the modern improvements, heated by steam, supplied with gas and water, and all the other conveniences of a first-class private residence. Three 500-barrel cisterns in the basement, and another on the roof of the fourth story, supply an abundance of water for all purposes, and every detail is carefully supplied upon an equally liberal scale.

The electric apparatus is in charge of Dr. A. Spalding, connecting with every room in the building. Dr. Spalding devotes his entire time to the care of patients here. Dr. E. H. Gale is also a constant attendant, and both of these skillful and well known physicians find their hands full of business.

There were last week in the hospital 100 patients.

Patients are presenting themselves almost each day from every part of the Union, and among the arrivals last week we noticed three new and dangerous cases from New York city, two from Vermont, four from Iowa, one from Michigan, several from Chicago and other points. Dr. Pond is doing a wonderful work in the relief of suffering humanity and the cure of this frightful disease. We have many examples of his success here in our midst, and in almost every neighboring village and city of persons cured by him two or three years ago, and after they had been abandoned by other practitioners; the afflicted can do no better than interview these parties and judge for themselves. Their names, or many of them, have been frequently published in *The Beacon*, they can be reached without trouble or expense, and their testimony cannot fail to prove convincing.—*Aurora (Ill.) Beacon, Sept. 16.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—For troubles on a farm there are two remedies—work and hope.

—Most of the corn crop is sound and will be merchantable in any market. But that is not the best way to do it. Feed to hogs, cattle of horses for market.

—An article that will be dear for at least another year is starch. Many mills in New England will not start up, as the stock of potatoes is so small that there isn't enough to go round.

—A man is known by his cattle. If he is kind and attentive, and has a gentle word or pat for them, it has a soothing effect, and they will stand around and enjoy his presence, secrete more milk, and take on more fat.

This is the proper period now for farmers to test fully some of the many problems in feeding stock. There are several questions of vital importance unsettled, and now is a good time for farmers who desire to do good.

—In the fluctuations of trade the farmer who is out of debt can feel happy and independent. He is sure of shelter from the storms—enough to eat and comfortable clothing. These are necessaries of life, and any farmer can have them.

—There is no danger of the products of the farmer getting out of fashion. So we can safely keep on producing bread, milk, butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, poultry, fruit, potatoes, eggs, etc., without any danger of unfashionable things being left on our hands.—*Exchange.*

—In protecting trees and shrubbery from winter, keep in mind that it is not always the intense cold that kills. But it is the effect of frequent freezing and thawing. A tender tree is much safer on the north than the south side of a fence. If protection is only given to one side, let that be on the sunny side.—*Iowa State Register.*

—It has been decided, says the *Turf, Field and Farm*, that if a man hires a horse and carriage there are guarantees understood on both sides. The owner guarantees that the carriage and horse are competent for the journey, and a failure makes him liable for the damages. On the other hand, if the driver does not treat the horse and carriage as a prudent man should, he is liable for damage, nor can he go any farther, nor use the horse any other way than the contract.

—The *American Agriculturist*, in illustrating the ridiculous things for which patents are sometimes granted, says: "Possibly the most absurd illustration of this, is the fact that a patent has recently been granted for a shirt made with unfinished sleeves and other parts, these less important parts being supplied by the purchaser of the garment. Any mother, then, who should make such an unfinished garment for her married son, and send it to her daughter-in-law to finish, would infringe this patent, and might make herself and her son liable for damages."

Lucky Farmers.

Not long since in returning from a brief trip into Southern Michigan we fell in with an acquaintance who resides in one of the flourishing towns of that splendid region of country known as the St. Jo Valley. While passing through a section where our friend knew every farmer in a circuit of twenty miles, conversation drifted into the agricultural channel, so to speak, the chief topic being the difference in the success of men who have lived in the same vicinity for years, in getting on in the world, where their occupation exclusively is, and has been, the cultivation of their farms.

"Now, there," said our friend, "is Mr. G's farm. His land was no better at the start than that of his neighbors, but it yields better crops on an average, and somehow or other he always gets more money out of it than any of them do from theirs. There are men who, to all appearances, work as hard, and plan as well, but one year with another he gets away with them when it comes to crops and prices. He makes it pay. The fact is, he is *lucky*." We suggested that this *luck* consists in the intelligent use, by the man, of his brains. And therein is the secret of his success. Lucky farmers are those who ensure luck by bringing to bear upon their farming operations the best knowledge they are able to command, from whatever source it may be obtained. There never was a more mistaken notion entertained by mortal man, than that farming can be carried on profitably and successfully with no knowledge on the farmer's part beyond the routine of ordinary methods in its various departments.

It is not our desire to indite a homily upon poor farming, but none know better than intelligent farmers themselves, that there is vast room for improvement among the masses who are engaged in this, the greatest of all human pursuits. Knowledge is the great want of American farmers—knowledge how best to increase the productiveness of land, for, as we have often said before, the highest aim of every judicious and intelligent farmer is to increase, at the least expense, the fertility of his soil until it reaches the maximum in producing crops; knowledge how to improve the quality of his stock by judicious crossing and treatment, so that he will realize the highest profits for his beef, pork, dairy products, etc., for what it costs to raise and fit the animals for market; knowledge of the best methods and processes in the cultivation of the various crops which it is to his interest to raise. In short, knowledge is the key to unlock the wealth that resides in the soil—not as a temporary deposit to be improvidently wasted, but a mine to be made more productive and remunerative from working it.

The man who farms it on this idea recognizes the importance of brain as well as brawn in his business. He will not sacrifice his soil under any circumstances; he manages so that his land is favored by the crops it bears, or in other words, so that he adds more elements of fertility to it than he takes from it. Skill is required to do this; but there are farmers who do it; and these are they who achieve the highest profits in the long run—the *lucky* farmers, if you please. Simple routine farming—plowing and sowing and reaping at hap-hazard—will not do it, and not only so, it will carry the farmer farther and farther from it until the returns from the land will not pay the cost of production.—*Western Rural.*

Iron Rust as a Cause of Fire.

The rather old notion that fires may be caused by iron rust is thus defended by a recent English writer: "When oxide of iron is placed in contact with timber excluded from the atmosphere, and aided by a slightly increased temperature, the oxide parts with its oxygen, and is converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron having such an affinity for oxygen that, when afterwards exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, oxygen is absorbed so rapidly that these particles become suddenly red hot, and, if in sufficient quantity, will produce a temperature far beyond the ignition point of dry timber. Wherever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium (whether hot water, hot air, or steam), and wherever these pipes are allowed to become rusty, and are also in close contact with timber, it is only necessary to suppose that under these circumstances the finely divided particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the atmosphere (and this may occur from the mere expansion or contraction of the pipes) in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter season."

How the Eye Becomes Perfected.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that in times the most remote, but still recorded in history, only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye arrived at the perception of the color yellow, and a still longer time before green was distinguished; and it is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the terms which designated yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the received opinion now, the perception of colors very well developed; and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander, Greek painters had for fundamental colors only white, black, red and yellow. The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history; they called these colors grey and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle only knew four of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and violet in the spectrum a distinct impression, which our eyes do not recognize as a color. According to physiologists, a time will come when the human eye will be perfected so as to discern this color as well as the others.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

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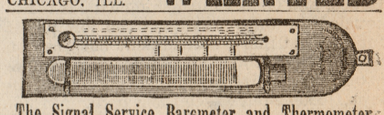

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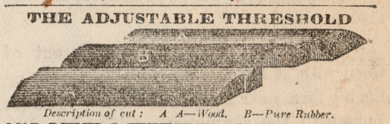

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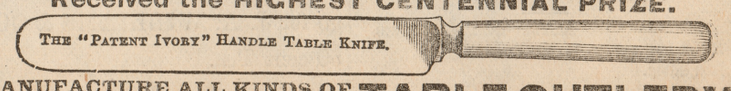
LIVINGSTON & Co.'s CORN SHELLERS. Guaranteed the best Hand Shellers, for family use, in the market. PRICE, $2.50 & $5 OVER 10,000 NOW IN USE. Shipped by Express on receipt of price. LIVE AG'TS WANTED. Send for Descriptive Circulars to LIVINGSTON & CO., Iron Founders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Enemy of Disease, the Foe of Pain to Man and Beast, Is the Grand Old MUSTANG LINIMENT, WHICH HAS STOOD THE TEST OF 40 YEARS. THERE IS NO SORE IT WILL NOT HEAL, NO LAMENESS IT WILL NOT CURE, NO ACHE, NO PAIN, THAT AFFLICTS THE HUMAN BODY, OR THE BODY OF A HORSE OR OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMAL THAT DOES NOT YIELD TO ITS MAGIC TOUCH. A bottle costing 25c., 50c. or $1.00, has often saved the life of a human being, and restored to life and usefulness many a valuable horse.

MERIDEN CUTLERY CO. Received the HIGHEST CENTENNIAL PRIZE.



THE "PATENT IVORY" HANDLE TABLE KNIFE.

MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF TABLE CUTLERY. Exclusive Makers of the "PATENT IVORY" or Celluloid Knife, the most durable WHITE HANDLE known. The Oldest Manufacturers in America. Original Makers of the HARD RUBBER HANDLE. Always call for "Trade Mark" "MERIDEN CUTLERY CO." on the blade. Warranted and sold by all Dealers in Cutlery, and by the MERIDEN CUTLERY CO., 49 Chambers Street, New York.

PATENTS Procured TOTAL COST Including Govt fee. $55 Send for Pamphlet to KNIGHT & KNIGHT, Washington, D.C.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Local Matters.

—Tilden or Hayes—which?

—The agonizing question: Is Mr. Hayes President-elect, or simply Governor of Ohio?

—It will pay to look at Lovell & Buffington's advertisement. They are a wide-awake Kentucky firm.

—Letters remaining unclaimed Nov. 10 '76. Will. H Adsett; (2); Nellie E. Brown; Clara Bolton; Mrs. H. L. Kelsey; Ida Lamb; Sidney Roach; Joseph M. Smith; Mrs. R. H. Wells; Amanda E. Woodward.

—The situation is about as follows:

Democrat—"Well, who is to be our next President?"

Republican—"Hayes, most certainly."

Democrat—"You lie. Tilden is the coming man."

—Prof. Lodeman will deliver a lecture before the Normal Lyceum, on Friday eve., Nov. 17th. Subject, "Germany from 1813 to the present time." It is a continuation of the two already delivered, and all who are historically interested are invited to give him a hearing.

—World of Song, a book of 248 pages, Sheet Music Size, comprising a fine selection of nearly 100 popular songs, ballads and duets in a cheap form, that would cost $30.00 to $40.00 if bought as separate pieces. The price will be $2.50 in boards, $3.00 cloth, and $4.00 full gilt.

Ditson & Co. have in press, and will soon issue the following musical works: Biographical sketches of Eminent Musical Composers, arranged in chronological order, by Madame L. R. Urbino, including sketches of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and all other musical celebrities. Price, $2.00.

Gems of the Dance, 228 pages Sheet Music Size, comprising nearly 100 of the most beautiful of the late Waltzes, Galopades, Polkas, Polka Redowas, &c., by Strauss, Faust, Zikoff, Gung'l, Lamothe and other eminent dance music composers. It is to be issued as a companion to the celebrated Gems of Strauss. Price $2.50 boards, $3.00 cloth and $4.00 full gilt.

—So popular has the Clothing House of C. R. Mabley become that no person visiting Detroit omits devoting an hour to the great combination. The magnitude of the stock is grand, and the opportunity for selections in Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furs, Robes, and Gent's Furnishing Goods is not equaled in this country. The low prices for goods at this establishment surprise the people and confound all little dealers. There is one Centennial Exhibition and one Mabley's. Don't fail to see them both.

—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of Mr. F. Rolshoven, the Detroit Jeweler. He has just returned from New York City, where he has been making a protracted stay, selecting his new holiday stock, and by purchasing for cash, he has been enabled to take advantage of the depressed state of the money market, and secure some rare bargains in watches, necklaces, gold crosses, cameo sets, and all of the latest designs in jewelry, and now claims to be able to undersell any other jeweler in Detroit, When you visit that city, call at his store, 180 Jefferson Avenue.

—Wednesday morning we rode out of town with a Democratic neighbor, visiting his big farm near Bellville. We tried to solace ourself in the conviction of Tilden's election. A good dinner at Mr. John Smith's, and looking at his splendid pigs and other stock, etc., quieted our nervous system, and we made up our minds to endure Tilden and Confederate rule as contentedly as possible. We came back, and were all riled up by being compelled to get on to the ragged edge of anxiety. And here we sit, looking for relief, and getting none; hoping and praying for Hayes, fearing and sweating lest it may prove Tilden. Friday morning, and no comfort. We don't like it. Anything for relief—*except Tilden*. He is an awful bitter dose. But if it *is* Tilden, we will try and bear up under the affliction with Spartan heroism and Indian fortitude.

—The total number of passengers carried on our roads during the year, is reported as 10,716,227. The average distance traveled by each passenger was 45.86 miles, which makes a total passenger mileage of 491,448,170 miles. The accidents being reported only for the miles of road in this State, and that being 63 per cent of the total miles of road reported, we have as the result 309,612,347 miles as the passenger mileage in this State. No passenger was killed, and but six injured, during the year, from causes beyond their own control. Hence it follows that the average journey resulting in injury to a passenger, from causes wholly unavoidable on his part, was 51,602,058 miles. From this we find that the risks of travel by rail in this State are so slight, that should a person travel 275 miles per day, and 300 days in the year, he must continue for 625 years before an accident, unavoidable on his part, would befall him..—*Report of the Mich. Commissioner of Railroads for* 1875.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO:

Our age can theirs with ease surpass
For air and steam, and other powers:
They lacked the gas, the glass, and brass
That mark this rapid age of ours;
And they had eyes as keen and bright,
And faculties as rare I know,
And wholesome rests, and manly breasts,
A hundred years ago.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

[REGULAR MEETING.]

MONDAY EVE., Oct. 30, 1876.

Mayor in the chair.

Roll called.

Quorum present.

Reading of minutes dispensed with.

PETITIONS.

From C. R. Forsyth and others, for a lamp post on southwest cor. of Forest avenue and Norris street.

Referred to Com. on Gas Lights.

From J. G. Klock and others, for a walk on the east side of Normal street, from Congress street south eight rods.

Referred to Committee on Streets and Walks.

From Hewitt & Champion, for permission to erect frame shed in rear of their store to shelter hose.

Referred to Committee on Fire Department.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

None.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

James T. Walsh, lighting lamps	$ 35 00
D. W. Thompson, ¼ salary as marshal	150 00
Frank Joslin, ¼ salary as clerk	75 00
R. W. Hemphill, ¼ salary as treasurer	25 00
Ordered paid from General Fund.	
Washtenaw Co., support of paupers	376 35
Referred back for dates.	
Shier & Davis, supervisors orders paid	33 78
W. B. Martin, supervisors orders paid	7 25
Ordered paid from Poor Fund.	

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

On motion of Ald. Snyder, claim of Jas. M. Forsyth taken from the table and ordered paid from General Fund at $3.23.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Robbins:—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the north side of Emmitt Street, adjoining the property occupied by Norman K. Towner, within thirty days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirments of Section 4, of Ordinance No. 7; also,

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Huron street, adjoining the property owned by estate of Harriet Larzeleer, within twenty days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Section 4, of Ordinance No. 7; also,

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk five feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Washington street, adjoining the property of Frank Hinckley, within twenty days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Section 4, of Ordinance No. 7.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshall to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with account thereof properly attested, to this Council for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Adopted.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Monday Eve., Nov. 13, 1876, at 7½ o'clock.

FRANK JOSLIN,
City Clerk.

Michigan Central Railroad.

Time Table, May 28, '76.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.	Day Express.	Kal. Accom.	Atlantic Express.	Night Express.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Chicago.....Lv.	5 00	9 00	4 00	5 15	9 00
Michigan City	7 32	11 00	6 30	7 40	11 15
New Buffalo	7 55	11 20	6 55		A. M.
		P. M.			12 20
Niles	9 00	12 09	8 20	8 55	12 35
Kalamazoo	10 45	1 38	10 10	10 28	2 15
Battle Creek	11 52	2 17		11 09	3 15
	P. M.				
Marshall	12 45	2 35		11 35	3 47
Albion	1 14	3 16	G.R. Ex.	11 55	4 07
				A. M.	
Jackson.....Ar.		4 00	A. M.	12 40	4 55
Jackson.....Lv.	2 12		9 35		
Chelsea	3 10	------	10 13	------	5 50
Dexter	3 25	------	10 25	------	6 08
Ann Arbor	3 52	5 15	10 45	2 00	6 28
Ypsilanti	4 15	5 28	11 00	2 20	6 48
Wayne Junction	4 45	5 45	11 18	2 40	7 08
G. T. Junction	5 30	6 10	11 45	3 15	7 45
Detroit.....Ar.	5 45	6 25	12 00	3 30	8 00

GOING WEST.

	Mail	Day Express.	Jackson Express.	Evening Express.	Pacific Express.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit.....Lv.	7 00	10 05	4 00	6 00	9 50
G. T. Junction	7 15	10 20	4 15	6 15	10 05
Wayne Junction	7 57	10 49	4 53	6 47	10 48
Ypsilanti	8 31	11 10	5 28	7 12	11 14
Ann Arbor	8 56	11 26	5 45	7 45	11 30
Dexter	9 20	------	6 06	8 10	------
Chelsea	9 43	------	6 23	8 28	------
		P. M.			A. M.
Jackson.....Ar.		------	7 15	9 30	12 45
Jackson.....Lv.	10 45	12 37			
	P. M.		*Kal.		
Marshall	12 25	1 34	Ac'n.	10 58	1 45
Battle Creek	1 00	2 17		11 37	2 10
			A. M.	A. M.	
Kalamazoo	1 52	3 03	4 00	12 30	2 55
Niles	3 45	4 23	6 10	2 30	4 30
Michigan City	5 10	5 35	7 50	4 05	5 50
Chicago.....Ar.	7 30	8 00	10 20	6 30	8 00

*Sunday excepted. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted. †Daily.

H. B. LEDYARD.
Gen. Supt., Detroit.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

—The Grand Rapids Express leaves Ypsilanti, going East, at 11:00 A.M. Going west, leaves Detroit at 2:50 P. M., arrives at Ypsilanti at 3:51 P. M.

Detroit, Hillsdale & South-Western Railroad.

ARRIVE AT YPSILANTI.

Mail..... 5:05 P. M.
Express..... 11:15 A. M.

LEAVE YPSILANTI.

Express,..... 7:10 P. M.
Mail..... 8:35 A. M.

Look here man! Are you going to want a pair of Gloves or Mittens this fall? If so do not purchase until you have examined the stock and prices of J. A. WILLIAMS & CO.

GRAND EXCURSION.

Down the Huron river, stopping at Rawsonville, Bellville, visiting all points of interest. Hoofing it back if you please, arriving home when you please. A rare chance for pleasure to all those who purchase their Groceries of J. A. WILLIAMS & CO. The excursionists go for J. A. WILLIAMS & CO.'S 50 cent Tea.

What heaps of eggs, what large amounts of nice butter, because they know that they get a good price.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

Just published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, And Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box, 4586.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific RAILROAD.

The Direct Route for Joliet, Morris, La Salle, Peru, Henry, Lacon, Peoria Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Iowa City, Grinnel, Newton, Des Moines,

Council Bluffs & Omaha

Without Change of Cars,

Where it joins the Union Pacific Railway for Denver, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, and all points West on the Pacific Coast.

Trains leave daily as follows

Omaha, Leavenworth & Atchison Express (Sundays excepted)	10.00 A. M.
Omaha Express, (Saturdays excepted)	10.00 P. M.
Peru Accom. (Sundays excepted)	5.00 P. M.

KANSAS LINE.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Co. have now opened their Southwestern Division between

LEAVENWORTH, ATCHISON and CHICAGO,

Connecting at Leavenworth with Kansas Pacific and Missouri Pacific Railroad and at Atchison with Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Central Branch Union Pacific, and Atchison and Nebraska Railroads, for all points in

Kansas, Indian Territory, Colorado and New Mexico.

This Company have built a full complement of Palace Drawing-room and Sleeping Cars which for external beauty and internal arrangements for the comfort, convenience and luxury of the passengers are unexceled, it equalled by any other cars of the kind in the world.

☞ Through Tickets for sale at all the General Railway Offices in the States and Canada.

A. M. SMITH, Gen'l Pass Agt. HUGH RIDDLE, Gen'l Supt.

CALIFORNIA!

The Chicago & North-western R. R.

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the West and Northwest, and with its numerous branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California, and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

Is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan, and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison, and St. Paul Line

Is the short line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the great Northwest. Its

Winona and St. Peter Line

Is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

Green Bay and Marquette Line

Is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock, and the Lake Superior Country. Its

Freeport and Dubuque Line

Is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

Chicago and Milwaukee Line

Is the old Lake Shore Route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha, to Milwaukee.

Pullman Palace Cars

Are run on all trains of this road.

This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul or Chicago and Milwaukee.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for all points west of the Missouri River.

On the arrival of the trains from the East or South the trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway leave CHICAGO as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached on both trains.

For Green Bay and Lake Superior, Two trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, Four through trains daily. Pullman Cars on night trains. Parlor Chair Cars on day trains.

For Sparta and Winona and points in Minnesota, One through train daily, with Pullman Sleepers to Winona.

For Dubuque, via Freeport, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train.

For Dubuque and La Crosse, via Clinton, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train, to McGregor, Iowa.

For Sioux City and Yankton, Two trains daily. Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junc.

For Lake Geneva, Four trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville, and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

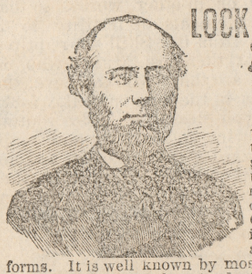
New York office, 415 Broadway; Boston Office, 5 State Street; Omaha office, 253 Farnham street; San Francisco office, 121 Montgomery Street; Chicago ticket offices, 62 Clark Street, under Sherman House, cor. Canal and Madison Streets; Kinzie Street Depot, cor. W. Kinzie and Canal Streets; Wells Street Depot, cor. Wells and Kinzie Streets.

For Rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

MARVIN HUGHITT,
Gen. Supt., Chicago.

W. H. STENNETT,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

DR. JAMES.



LOCK HOSPITAL,
Cor. FRANKLIN & WASHINGTON STREETS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Chartered by the State for the purpose of giving the best possible treatment in all cases of PRIVATE and CHRONIC Diseases in all their varied and complicated forms. It is well known by most persons in the city, DR. JAMES has stood at the head of the profession for the past 24 years. Age and experience is all important in the successful treatment of Syphilis in all forms. Gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, can positively be cured in the shortest possible time. Seminal weakness, which produce impotency, pimples on the face, also can be cured by the best known remedy in the world. A book for the million, MARRIAGE GUIDE, which tells you all about these diseases, marriage, love, and their consequences; free in office, or 10 cents to prepay postage. Ladies requiring the most delicate attention, home and board, may call or write. All business strictly confidential. DR. JAMES has 20 rooms and parlors. In calling you see no one but the doctor. Office hours: 9 A. M. until 7 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12. Consultation always FREE and invited. Call or write.

New Advertisements.

Rowell—658-661

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CENTS should write for Circulars for new book by

Ann Eliza Young

BRIGHAM'S WIFE No. 19.

The grand success of the year. 30th thousand in press. Full Expose of **Mormonism** and **Polygamy.** A **Woman's Story** told in full. Introductions by **John B. Gough** and **Mrs. Livermore.** Bran new, with nearly 200 illustrations. Do not engage with any book until you have seen our Illustrated Circulars, showing large sales. Sent free to all. **DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

There are martyrs to headache who might be cured by using

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

The stomach, overburdened until its recuperative power is weakened, revenges itself upon the poor head, which it makes to ache and torture the offender. The use of this aperient will carry off naturally, and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause. The disease is removed and the head ceases to ache.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cents, post-paid. L JONES & Co., Nassau N. Y

ANDERSONVILLE

A complete history of Andersonville Prison, by Dr. R. R. STEVENSON, Surgeon in charge, with an Appendix containing the names of 13,000 Union soldiers who died there, with date and cause of death. Sent on receipt of price, $3.00 **A splendid campaign book.** TURNBULL BROTHERS, Baltimore, Md.

A FARM and HOME!

OF YOUR OWN.

Now is the Time to Secure it.

The best and cheapest lands in market are in Eastern Nebraska, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. The most favorable terms, very low rates of fare and freight to all settlers. The best markets. Free passes to land buyers. Maps, descriptive pamphlets, new edition of "THE PIONEER" sent free everywhere. Address **O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner, U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.**

$55 to $77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Special, Chronic and Obscure Diseases of either sex, young or old, inherited or acquired, treated successfully in a **STRICTLY PRIVATE** and scientific manner. Immediate relief; speedy, perfect and permanent cures. A successful experience in over 30,000 cases. All communications confidential. Call or address, with stamp, for circular, J. H. DYE, M. D., No. 9 Washington Ave., Detroit, Mich.

1876.

My Declaration!

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a man, woman, boy, or girl, to dissolve their connection with an old pair of BOOTS OR SHOES, a decent respect for their own comfort should impel them to buy a new pair. And I hereby give notice that I have got a **new stock** on hand for the **Fall Trade,** and that I will sell them **cheap.** Reason: **I must have money soon.**

Just call and see the Boots and Shoes and be satisfied.

Good Kip Boots at $3.50, $4.00, $4.25, and $4.50

Good Calf Pegged Boots at $4.00, $4.50, $4.75 and $5.00.

Good Hand-sewed Calf Boots, well made and warranted, at $7.00; and so on through the whole stock. You will find them a great deal lower than last year's prices.

Lots more of old stock shoes at fifty cents per pair.

JOHN BOYCE.

Ypsilanti, Sept. 1st, 1876. 634

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Geo. M. Savage & Bro.'s Column.

661-664

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THOS. S. SPRAGUE, President.

GOLDSMITH'S (BRYANT & STRATTON) **BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.** The oldest, best conducted, most successful, popular, thorough and practical, occupies the finest suit of rooms, employs the largest corps of able and experienced teachers of any business college in the Northwest. This institution is receiving eight-tenths of the patronage of Detroit. What better evidence of merit is necessary. Young men will consult their own interest by visiting this institution when in search of a business education. College Paper and Centennial pamphlet of 48 pages sent free.

USE PARSONS'S RAT & ROACH EXTERMINATOR. BEST IN THE WORLD. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

August 10, 1876.

Having used Parsons & Co.'s Cockroach and Rat Exterminator, I would cheerfully recommend it to the public, as it has entirely rid my house of Cockroaches, while all other preparations had not the least effect.

JONAS BARTLETT, 1 Broadway, New York.
FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO. Wholesale Agents.

WIDOWS and CHILDREN of SOLDIERS deceased since discharge, are entitled to a PENSION. Apply to MILO B. STEVENS & CO., War Claim Attorneys, Detroit.

ROLSHOVEN

Has just returned from New York with a large stock of

WATCHES

AND

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY

FOR HOLIDAY TRADE,

That he will sell at

LOWER PRICES

Than any other Jeweler in the West can afford to.

F. ROLSHOVEN,
189 JEFFERSON AVE., DETROIT.

Send orders in time for elegant **Hair Jewelry Presents.** Beautiful Patterns to select from.

$9 Eureka Laths,—with foot power $15. Scroll Saw Attachment, $5. Also Scroll Saws complete for use, $6 to $12, at WOMNICK & ZABRISKIE'S, Room 1, Merrill Block, Detroit. Send for circulars.

Economy is the order of the day.

In buying be sure to make your money go as far as possible. We have a large and desirable assortment of

STOVES, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS AND BUILDERS' HARDWARE AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Nearly everything in our line is lower than for many years, and you may as well save money in buying handsome as goods in any other line.

HENRY H. JAMES,
160 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

REFORM

Reform in personal expenditure.

True Reform is to avoid paying high prices for Men's Boy's and Children's Clothing, and to carefully look over our prices. We will sell

A good wearing suit from...	$5.00 to $10.00
A heavy all wool suit.....	10.00 to 15.00
Elegant all wool suit (plaid)	12.00 to 20.00
Latest style of diagonal suit	16.00 to 24.00
Light weight of diagonal and basket overcoats.....	15.00 to 24.00
Endless variety of men's boys and childrens heavy overcoats, ranging in prices from.....	3.00 to 25.00

Boys and Childrens suits all kinds and styles, extra sized suits and pants always on hand. Prices are **DOWN, DOWN,** My Stock is made up under my own supervision. Every garment is thoroughly inspected before we offer it for sale, consequently my Ready Made Clothing is perfect, and not to be compared with goods usually sold at other houses.

We invite all, we serve all alike.

A. HELLER,

The Little Giant Clothier.

125 Woodward Avenue,
Detroit,
Mich

Centennial Reduction in Advertising.

Three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars worth of newspaper advertising, at publishers' schedule rates, given for $700, and a three months' note accepted in payment from advertisers of responsibility. A printed list, giving Name, Character, Actual Daily and Weekly Circulation, and Schedule Rates of Advertising, sent free to any address. Apply to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, 41 Park Row, N. Y. 661-677

W. H. YOST'S

Is the place to take your

Farm Produce

of all kinds.

CASH

and the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

paid at all times.

Don't fail to come and see us at the old well-known store at the

West End of Congress St. Bridge.

For a fine quality of fresh

BUFFALO ROBES,

Call and examine before purchasing.

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PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

Present, Noah W. Cheever, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Emily M. Douglass, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Robert E. Douglass, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the fourth day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

NOAH W. CHEEVER,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) 660-663

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy six.

Present, Noah W. Cheever, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Olive Hall, deceased.

Oliver E. Thompson, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered that Wednesday the fifteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause if any there be why the said account should not be allowed; And it is further ordered that said Executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

NOAH W. CHEEVER,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy. 658-661

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washthnaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the sixteenth day of October in the year one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six.

Present, NOAH W, CHEEVER, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of James Broom, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William J. Clark, praying that an Administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, That Monday, the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

NOAH W. CHEEVER,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) 659-662

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Charles Hall, late of said county deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of the First National Bank, in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on the 16th day of January and on the 16th day of April next, at ten o'clock A. M., of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated October 16th, A. D., 1876.

WARD W SWIFT,
FREDERICK W. HAWKINS,
Commissioners

658-662

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-first day of September, A. D., 1876, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Clark Cabray, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-first day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on the 21st day of December and on the 21st day of March next at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Ann Arbor, September 21st, A. D., 1876.

NOAH W. CHEEVER,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage, bearing date the third day of August, A. D. 1871, and executed by Edward P. Walsh and Mary A. Walsh of the city of Ypsilanti, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan to Charles Tuller, of the township of Canton, Wayne county, Michigan, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said county of Washtenaw, in Liber 44 of Mortgages, on page 745, on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1871, at 9½ o'clock, A. M., on which said Mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred and fifty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, principal and interest, besides a reasonable Attorney fee of twenty-five dollars; and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the same, or any part thereof; Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due as aforesaid, and the legal costs of sale, and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises described in, and covered by said mortgage, to wit: Commencing on the West line of Washington street in the city of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw county, Michigan, and at the center of the East line of lot number 43 in H. W. Larzaleer's addition to the villiage (now city) of Ypsilanti, Michigan, running thence south on the west line of Washington street four rods and four feet, thence westerly parallel with the north line of said lot 43, ten rods, thence north four rods and four feet, thence easterly, parallel with the said north line of lot 43, ten rods to place of beginning, will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder at the south door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is held) on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1876, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

Dated September 16th, 1876.

CHARLES TULLER, Mortgagee. EDWARD P. ALLEN, Attorney for Mortgagee.

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